

THE
HUMOROUS
LIEUTENANT.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

Written by

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A N D

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. T. And Sold by J. Brown at the *Black Swan* without Temple-Bar. 1717.

PROLOGUE.

Wou'd some Man wou'd instruct me what to say:
For this same Prologue, usual to a Play,
Is tied to such an old form of Petition;
Men must say nothing now beyond Commission:
The Cloaks we wear, the Legs we make, the Place
We stand in, must be one; and one the Face.
Nor alter'd nor exceeded; if it be,
A general Hiss hangs on our Levity:
We have a Play, a new Play to play now,
And thus low in our Play's behalf we bow;
We bow to beg your Suffrage, and kind Ear;
If it were nougat, or that it might appear
A thing buoy'd up by Prayer, Gentlemen,
Believe my Faith, you shou'd not see me then.
Let them speak then have power to stop a Storm:
I never lov'd to feel a House so warm:
But for the Play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well: All new things you shall see,
And these dispos'd to all the Mirth that may;
And short enough, we hope: And such a Play
You were wont to like: Sit nobly then, and see:
If it miscarry, pray look not for me.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Antigonus, an old Man with young Desires.

Demetrius, Son to Antigonus, in love with Celia.

*Seleucus, } Three Kings, equal Sharers with Antigo-
Lysimachus, } nus of what Alexander had, with uni-
Ptolemy, } ted Powers opposing Antigonus.*

Leontius, a brave old merry Soldier, Assistant to Demetrius.

Timon,

Charinus, } Servants to Antigonus, and his Vices.

Menippus,

The Humorous Lieutenant.

Gentlemen, Friends and Followers of Demetrius.

Three Embassadors, from the three Kings.

Gentlemen-Ushers.

Grooms.

Citizens.

Physicians.

Herald.

Magician.

Soldiers.

Host.

W O M E N.

*Celia, alias Evanthe, Daughter to Seleucus, Mistress to
Demetrius.*

Leucippe, a Bawd, Agent for the King's Lust.

Ladies.

Citizens Wives.

Governess to Celia.

A Country-Woman.

Phebe, her Daughter.

Two Servants of the Game.

S C E N E G R E E C E.

T H E

THE
HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter two Ushers and Grooms with Perfumes.

1 Ush. Round, round, perfume it round, quick, look ye
Diligently the State be right; are these the richest
Cushions? Fie, fie, who waits i'th' Wardrobe?

2 Ush. But pray tell me, do you think for certain
These Embassadors shall have this Morning Audience?

1 Ush. They shall have it: Lord that you live at Court
And understand not! I tell you they must have it.

2 Ush. Upon what necessity?

1 Ush. Still you are out of the trick of Court, sell your Place,
Enter Ladies and Gentlewomen.

And sow your Grounds, you are not for this Tillage.
Madams, the best way is the upper Lodgings,
There you may see at ease.

Ladies. We thank you, Sir.

[Ex. Ladies and Gent.

1 Ush. Wou'd you have all these flighted? Who should report
The Embassadors were handsome Men? His Beard. (then,
A neat one? The fire of his Eyes quicker than Lightning,
And when it breaks, as blasting? His Legs, though little ones,
Yet movers of a Mass of Understanding?
Who shall commend their Cloaths? Who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their Feathers?
Ye live a raw Man here. 2 Ush. I think I do so.

Enter two Citizens, and Wives.

1 Ush. Why, whither wou'd ye all press?

1 Cit. Good Master Usher.

2 Cit. My Wife, and some few of my honest Neighbours here.

1 Ush. Prithee be gone thou and thy honest Neighbours,
Thou look'st like an Ass; why, whither wou'd you, fish Face?

2 Cit. If I might have

But the Honour to see you at my poor House, Sir,

A Capon bridled and saddled, I'll assure your Worship,
 A Shoulder of Mutton and a Pottle of Wine, Sir,
 I know your Brother, he was as like ye,
 And shot the best at Butts—— 1 Uſh. A——upon thee.

2 Cit. Some Musick I'll assure you too,
 My Toy, Sir, can play o'th' Virginals.

1 Uſh. Prithee good Toy,
 Take away thy Shoulder of Mutton, it is flie-blown,
 And Shoulder take thy Flap along, here's no place for ye;
 Nay then you had best be knock'd.

[Ex. Cit.

Enter Celia.

Cel. I wou'd fain see him,
 The Glory of this place makes me remember,
 But dye those Thoughts, dye all but my Desires,
 Even those to Death are sick too; he's not here,
 Nor how my Eyes may guide me——

1 Uſh. What's your business?
 Who keeps the outward Door there? Here's fine shuffling,
 You Wastcoateer you must go back. Cel. There is not,
 There cannot be, six days and never see me?
 There must not be desire: Sir, do you think
 That if you had a Mistress ——— 1 Uſh. Death, she is mad.

Cel. And were your self an honest Man? It cannot——
 1 Uſh. What a Devil hast thou to do with me or my honesty?
 Will you be jogging, good nimble Tongue,
 My Fellow Door-keeper.

2 Uſh. Prithee let her alone. 1 Uſh. The King is coming,
 And shall we have an Agent from the Suburbs
 Come to crave Audience too? Cel. Before I thought ye
 To have a little breeding, some tang of Gentry;
 But now I take ye plainly,
 Without the help of any Perspective,
 For that ye cannot alter. 1 Uſh. What's that?

Cel. An Ass, Sir, you bray as like one,
 And by my troth, methinks as ye stand now;
 Considering who to kick next, you appear to me
 Just with that kind of Gravity, and Wisdom;
 Your Place may bear the name of Gentleman,
 But if ever any of that Butter stick to your Bread ———

2 Uſh. You must be modester. Cel. Let him use me nobler,
 And wear good Cloathis to do good Offices;
 They hang upon a Fellow of his virtue,
 As though they hung on Gibbets. 2 Uſh. A perillous Wench.

1 Uſh. Thrust her into a corner, I'll no more on her.

2 Uſh. You have enough, go pretty Maid, stand close,

And

And use that little Tongue, with a little more Temper.

Cel. I thank ye, Sir. 2 Uſb. When the Show's past,
I'll have ye into the Cellar, there we'll dine.

A very pretty Wench, a witty Rogue,
And there we'll be as merry; can ye be merry?

Cel. O very merry.

2 Uſb. Only our selves; this churlish Fellow shall not know.

Cel. By no means. 2 Uſb. And can you love a little?

Cel. Love exceedingly: I have cause to love you, dear Sir.

2 Uſb. Then I'll carry ye,

And shew you all the Pictures, and the Hangings,
The Lodgings, Gardens, and the Walks: And then, sweet,
You shall tell me where you lie. Cel. Yes marry will I.

2 Uſb. And't shall go hard but I'll send you a Venison Pasty,
And bring a Bottle of Wine along. 1 Uſb. Make Room there.

2 Uſb. Room there afore, stand close, the Train is coning.

Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, Menippus.

Cel. Have I yet left a Beauty to catch Fools?

Yet, yet, I see him not. O what a misery

Is Love, expected long, deluded longer!

Ant. Conduct in the Embassadours. 1 Uſb. Make Room there.

Ant. They shall not wait long. Answer— [Flourish.

Cel. Yet he comes not.

Enter three Embassadors.

Why are Eyes set on these, and Multitudes

Follow to make these wonders? O good Gods!

What would these look like if my Love were here?

But I am fond, forgetful. Ant. Now your Grievance,

Speak short, and have as short dispatch. 1 Emb. Then thus, Sir:

In all our royal Masters Names, We tell you,

Ye have done Injustice, broke the Bonds of Concord,

And from their equal Shares, from Alexander

Parted, and so possess'd, not like a Brother,

But as an open Enemy, ye have hedg'd in

Whole Provinces; man'd and mantain'd these Injuries;

And daily with your Sword, though they still honour ye,

Make bloody Inroads, take Towns, and ruin Castles,

And still their sufferance feels the weight.

2 Emb. Think of that Love, great Sir, that honour'd Friendship
Your self held with our Masters, think of that Strength

When you were all one Body, all one Mind;

When all your Swords struck one way, when your Angers,

Like so many Brother Billows rose together,

And curling up your foaming Crests, defied

Even mighty Kings, and in their Falls entomb'd 'em;

O think of these; and you that have been Conqu'rors,

That

That ever led your Fortunes open ey'd,
Chain'd fast by confidence ; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want Enemies and Men to match ye,
Let not your own Swords seek your ends to shame ye,

Enter Demetrius with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.

3 Emb. Chuse which you will, or Peace or War,
We come prepar'd for either.

1 U/b. Room for the Prince there:

Cel. Was it the Prince they said? How my Heart trembled!

'Tis he indeed ; what a sweet noble Fiercenels
Dwells in his Eyes! Young *Meleager* like,
When he return'd from slaughter of the Boar,
Crown'd with the Loves and Honours of the People
With all the gallant Youth of *Greece*, he looks now
Who could deny him Love? Dem. Hail Royal Father. (man,

Ant. Ye are welcome from your sport, Sir ; do you see this Gentle-
You that bring Thunders in your Mouths, and Earthquakes
To shake and totter my designs? Can you imagine,
You Men of poor and common Apprehensions,
While I admit this Man, my Son, this Nature
That in one look carries more fire, and fiercenels,
Than all your Masters in their Lives; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my Side, my Bosom,
When he is fit to rule, when all Men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his Head ; thus place him,
His Weapon hatch'd in Blood, all these attending
When he shall make their Fortunes, all as sudden
In any Expedition he shall point 'em,
As Arrows from a Tartar's Bow, and speeding,
Dare I do this, and fear an Enemy?
Fear your great Master? yours? or yours?

Dem. O Hercules!

Who says you do, Sir? Is there any thing
In these Mens Faces, or their Masters Actions,
Able to work such Wonders? Cel. Now he speaks:
Oh I could dwell upon that Tongue for ever.

Dem. You call 'em Kings, they never wore those Royalties,
Nor in the progress of their Lives arriv'd yet
At any thought of King: Imperial Dignities,
And powerful Godlike Actions, fit for Princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right,
Than I can with this mortal Hand hold Heav'n:
Poor petty Men, nor have I yet forgot
The chiefest Honours Time and Merit gave 'em:
Lisimachus your Master, at the best,
His highest and his hopeful' st Dignities

Was but Grand-master of the Elephants;
Seleucus of the Treasure; and for Ptolomey,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet,
Some Master of Ammunition: And must these Men—

Cel. What a brave Confidence flows from his Spirit!

O sweet young Man! *Dem.* Must these hold pace with us,
And on the same file hang their Memories?

Must these examine what the Wills of Kings are?
Prescribe to their Designs, and chain their Actions
To their restraints? be Friends and Foes when they please?
Send out their Thunders, and their Menaces,
As if the Fate of mortal things were theirs?

Go home good Men, and tell your Masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren Countries, ruin their vast Cities,
And tell 'em out of Love, we mean to leave 'em,
Since they will needs be Kings, no more to tread on,
Than they have able Wits and Pow'rs to manage,
And so we shall befriend 'em. Ha! what does she there?

Emb. This is your Answer, King? *Ant.* 'Tis like to prove so.

Dem. Fie, Sweet, what makes you here?

Cel. Pray ye do not chide me.

Dem. You do your self much wrong and me.

Cel. Pray you pardon me,
I feel my Fault, which only was committed
Through my dear Love to you: I have not seen ye,
And how can I live then? I have not spoke to ye—

Dem. I know this Week ye have not; I will redeem all.
You are so tender now; think where you are, Sweet.

Cel. What other light have I left? *Dem.* Prithee, *Celia*,
Indeed I'll see you presently. *Cel.* I have done, Sir:
You will not miss? *Dem.* By this, and this, I will not.

Cel. 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.

Dem. No more of these Assemblies. *Cel.* I am Commanded.

1 Ush. Room for the Lady there: Madam my Service—

1 Gent. My Coach, an't please you, Lady. *2 Ush.* Room be-

2 Gent. The Honour, Madam, but wait upon you--- (fore there.
My Servants and my State. *Cel.* Lord, how they flock now?

Before I was afraid, they wou'd have beat me;

How these Flies play i'th' Sun-shine? pray ye no Services,

Or if ye needs must play the Hobby-horses,

Seek out some Beauty that affects 'em: Farewel,

Nay, pray ye spare, Gentlemen, I am old enough

To go alone at these Years, without Crutches.

[Exit.

2 Ush. Well I could curse now: But that will not help me.

I made as sure account of this Wench now, immediately,

Do but consider how the Devil has crost me,
Meat for my Master she cries, well — 3 Emb. Once, more Sir,
We ask your Resolutions: Peace or War yet?

Dem. War, War, my noble Father. 1 Emb. Thus I fling it:
And fair ey'd Peace, farewell. Ant. You have your answer;
Conduct out the Embassadors, and give 'em Convoys.

Dem. Tell your high-hearted Masters, they shall not seek us,
Nor cool i'th' Field in Expectation of us,
We'll ease your Men those Marches: In their Strengths,
And full Abilities of Mind and Courage
We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em.

3 Emb. You will find so hot a Soldier's welcome, Sir,
Your favour shall not freeze. 2 Emb. A forward Gentleman,
Pity the Wars should bruise such hopes —

Ant. Conduct 'em — — —

[Exit Emb.

Now for this Preparation: Where's *Leontius*?
Call him in presently: For I mean in Person, Gentlemen,
My self, with my old Fortune — — — Dem. Royal Sir,
Thus low I beg this Honour: Fame already
Hath every where rais'd Trophies to your Glory,
And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary Marches and the bloody Shocks
You daily set her in: 'Tis now scarce Honour
For you, that never knew to fight, but conquer,
To sparkle such poor People: The Royal Eagle,
When she hath tried her young ones 'gainst the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey,
How to command on wing, and check below her
Ev'n Birds of noble Plume; I am your own, Sir,
You have found my Spirit, try it now, and teach it
To stoop whole Kingdoms: Leave a little for me:
Let not your Glory be so greedy, Sir,
To eat up all my hopes; you gave me Life,
If to that Life you add not what's more lasting,
A noble Name, for Man, you have made a Shadow.
Bless me this Day: Bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no less fear'd than *Antigonus*,
And to my maiden Sword tie fast your Fortune:
I know 'twill fight it self then. Dear Sir, honour me:
Never fair Virgin long'd so. Ant. Rise, and command them,
And be as fortunate as I expect ye:
I love that noble Will; your young Companions,
Bred up and foster'd with ye, I hope, *Demetrius*,
You will make Soldiers too; they must not leave ye.

Enter *Leontius*.

2 Gent. Never till Life leave us, Sir. Ant. O *Leontius*,

Here's

The Humorous Lieutenants.

Here's work for you in hand. *Leon.* I am ev'n right glad, Sir. For by my troth, I am now grown old with Idleness; I hear we shall abroad, Sir. *Ant.* Yes, and presently: But who think you Commands now?

Leon. Who Commands, Sir?

Methinks mine Eye should guide me: Can there be, If you your self will spare him so much Honour, Any found out to lead before your Armies, So full of Faith, and Fire, as brave *Demetrius*? King *Philip*'s Son, at his years was an old Soldier, 'Tis time his Fortune be o'wing, high time, Sir; So many idle hours, as here he loyters, So many ever-living Names he loses: I hope 'tis he. *Ant.* 'Tis he indeed, and nobly He shall set forward: Draw you all those Garrisons Upon the Frontiers as you pass: to those Join these in pay at home, our ancient Soldiers, And as you go press all the Provinces.

Leon. We shall not need; Believe this hopeful Gentleman Can want no Swords, nor honest Hearts to follow him, We shall be full, no fear, Sir. *Ant.* You *Leontius*, Because you are an old and faithful Servant, And know the Wars, with all his Vantages, Be near to his Instructions, lest his Youth Lose Valour's best Companion, staid Discretion, Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with safety; In Execution not to break, nor scatter, But with a provident Anger, follow nobly: Not covetous of Blood, and Death, but Honour. Be ever near his Watches; cheer his Labours, And where his Hope stands fair, provoke his Valour; Love him, and think it no dishonour, my *Demetrius*, To wear this Jewel near thee; he is a try'd one, And one that ev'n in spight of time, that sunk him, And frosted up his Strength, will yet stand by thee, And with the proudest of thine Enemies Exchange for Blood, and bravely: Take his Counsel.

Leon. Your Grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

Ant. She must be known and suddenly:

Do ye know her?

[*To Menippus.*

Gent. Char. No, believe, Sir.

Ant. Did you observe her, *Timon*? *Tim.* I look'd on her, But what she is — *Ant.* I must have that found.

Come in and take your leave. *Tim.* And some few Prayers along.

Dem. I know my Duty, *Leon.* All your Servant: *[Exit Ant.* You shall be half my Father. *Come*

Come Gentlemen, you are resolv'd I am sure
To see these Wars. *1 Gent.* We dare not leave his Fortunes,
Though most assur'd Death hung round about us.

Leon. That Bargain's yet to make;
Be not too hasty, when ye face the Enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get Honour instantly,
But charge within your Bounds, and keep close Bodies,
And you shall see what sport we'll make these Mad-caps;
You shall have Game enough, I warrant ye,
Every Man's Cock shall fight. *Dem.* I must go see, Sir:
Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the Park; draw the Men thither,
Wait you upon *Leontius*. *Gent.* We'll attend, Sir.

Leon. But I beseech your Grace, with speed; the sooner
We are i'th' Field--- *Dem.* You cou'd not please me better. [Ex.

Leon. You never saw the Wars yet? *Gent.* Not yet, Colonel.

Leon. These foolish Mistresses do so hang about ye,
So whimper, and so hug, I know it Gentlemen,
And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud;
And that sweet tilting War, with Eyes and Kisses,
Th'alarms of soft Vows, and Sighs, and fiddle faddles,
Spoils all our Trade: You must forget these knick knacks,
A Woman at some time of year, I grant ye
She is necessary, but make no business of her.
How now Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Oh, Sir, as ill as ever;
We shall have Wars they say; they are Must'ring yonder:
Wou'd we were at it once; Fie, how it plagues me.

Leon. Here's one has serv'd now under Captain *Cupid*,
And crackt a Pike in's Youth: You see what's come on't.

Lieu. No, my Disease will never prove so honourable.

Leon. Why sure, thou hast the best Pox. *Lieu.* If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best Company;
They are pox of thirty Coats.

Leon. Thou hast mewed 'em finely:
Here's a strange Fellow now, and a brave Fellow,
If we may say so of a pocky Fellow,
Which I believe we may, this poor Lieutenant;
Whether he have the Scratches, or the Scabs,
Or what a Devil it be, I'll say this for him,
There fights no braver Soldier under Sun, Gentlemen;
Show him an Enemy, his Pains forgot straight;
And where other Men by Beds and Baths have ease,
And easie Rules of Physick; set him in danger,
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,

Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye,
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his Heart: and then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely: Not a pang remembred:
I have seen him do such things, belief would shrink at.

Gent. 'Tis strange he shou'd do all this, and diseas'd so.

Leon. I'm sure 'tis true: Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?

Lieu. Wou'd I were drunk, Dog drunk, I might not feel this.

Gent. I wou'd take Physick.

Lieu. But I wou'd know my Disease first. (ward?)

Leon. Why? it may be the Cholique: Canst thou blow back-

Lieu. There's never a Back-pipe in the Kingdom better.

Gent. Is't not a Pleuresie? Lieu. 'Tis any thing

That has the Devil, and Death in't: Will ye march, Gentlemen?

The Prince has taken leave. Leon. How know ye that?

Lieu. I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his Followers,

And met him after in a By-street: I think

He has some Wench, or such a Toy, to lick over

Before he go: Wou'd I had such another

To draw this foolish Pain down. Leon. Let's away Gentlemen,

For sure the Prince will stay on us. Gent. We'll attend, Sir.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E . II.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Cel. Must ye needs go? Dem. Or stay with all Dishonour.

Cel. Are there not Men enough to fight? Dem. Fie Celia.

This ill becomes the noble Love you bear me;

Would you have your Love a Coward? Cel. No; believe, Sir,
I wou'd have him fight, but not so far off from me.

Dem. Woud'st have it thus? or thus? Cel. If that be fighting-

Dem. Ye wanton Fool: When I come home again

I'll fight with thee, at thine own Weapon, Celia,

And conquer thee too. Cel. That you have done already,

You need no other Arms to me, but these, Sir;

But will you fight your self, Sir?

Dem. Thus deep in Blood, Wench,

And through the thickest ranks of Pikes.

Cel. Spur bravely

Your fiery Courser, beat the Troops before ye,

And cram the Mouth of Death with Executions.

Dem. I wou'd do more than these. But prithee tell me,

Tell me, my fair, where got'st thou this male Spirit?

I wonder at thy Mind. Cel. Were I a Man then,

You would wonder more.

Dem.

Dem. Sure thou wouldest prove a Soldier,
And so a great Leader.

Cel. Sure I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I shou'd grow Envious,
Extreamly envious of your Youth, and Honour.

Dem. And fight against me? *Cel.* Ten to one, I should do it.

Dem. Thou wouldest not hurt me? *Cel.* In this Mind I am in
I think I should be hardly brought to strike ye,
Unless 'twere thus; but in my Man's Mind—— *Dem.* What?

Cel. I shou'd be Friends with you too,
Now I think better. *Dem.* Ye are a tall Soldier:
Here, take these, and these;
This Gold to furnish ye, and keep this Bracelet;
Why do you weep now? You a masculine Spirit?

Cel. No, I confess, I am a Fool, a Woman:
And ever when I part with you—— *Dem.* You shall not,
These Tears are like prodigious Signs, my sweet one,
I shall come back, loaden with Fame, to honour thee.

Cel. I hope you shall! But then, my dear *Demetrius*,
When you stand Conqueror, and at your Mercy
All People bow, and all things wait your Sentence;
Say then your Eye, surveying all your Conquest,
Find out a Beauty, even in Sorrow excellent,
A constant Face, that in the midst of Ruin
With a forc'd Smile, both scorns at Fate, and Fortune:
Say you find such a one, so nobly fortified,
And in her Figure all the sweets of Nature?

Dem. Prithee, no more of this, I cannot find her.

Cel. That shews as far beyond my wither'd Beauty;
And will run mad to love ye too. *Dem.* Do you fear me,
And do you think, besides this Face, this Beauty,
This Heart, where all my hopes are lock'd——

Cel. I dare not:

No sure, I think ye honest; wond'rous honest.
Pray do not frown, I'll swear ye are. *Dem.* Ye may chuse.

Cel. But how long will ye be away? *Dem.* I know not.

Cel. I know ye are angry now: pray look upon me:
I'll ask no more such Questions. *Dem.* The Drums beat,
I can no longer stay. *Cel.* They do but call 'yet':
How fain you wouldest leave my Company? *Dem.* I woul'd not,
Unless a greater Pow'r than Love commanded,
Commands my Life, my Honour. *Cel.* But a little.

Dem. Prithee farewell, and be not doubtful of me.

Cel. I woul'd not have ye hurt: and ye are so ventrous
But good sweet Prince preserve your self, fight nobly,
But do not thrust this Body, 'tis not yours now,

'Tis mine, 'tis only mine: Do not seek Wounds, Sir,
For every drop of Blood you bleed! — Dem. I will, Celia,
I will be careful. Cel. My Heart, that loves ye dearly.

Dem. Prithee no more, we must part: [Drums beat a March.
Hark, they march now.

Cel. Pox on these bawling Drums: I am sure you'll kiss me,
But one Kiss? what a parting's this? Dem. Here take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me,
But still remember, if your fooling with me
Make me forgot the Trust — Cel. I have done: Farewel, Sir,
Never look back, you shall not stay, not a minute.

Dem. I must have one Farewel more. Cel. No, the Drums
I dare not slack your Honour; not a hand more, (beat
Only this Look; the Gods preserve, and save ye. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, and Timon.

Ant. WHAT, have ye found her out?

Char. We have hearkned after her.

Ant. What's that to my desire?

Char. Your Grace must give us time,
And a little Means. Tim. She is sure a Stranger,
If she were bred or known here — Ant. Your dull Endeavours

Enter Menippus. Should never be employ'd. Welcome, Menippus!

Men. I have found her, Sir, I mean the Place she is lodg'd in; her Name is Celia;
And much ado I had to purchase that 'too.

Ant. Dost think Demetrius loves her? Men. Much I fear it,
But nothing that way yet can win for certain. I'll tell your Grace within this Hour.

Ant. A Stranger? Men. Without all doubt.

Ant. But how shou'd he come to her?

Men. There lies the Marrow of the Matter hid yet.

Ant. Hast thou been with thy Wife?

Men. No, Sir, I am going to her.

Ant. Go and dispatch, and meet me in the Garden,
And get all out ye can.

Men. I'll do my best, Sir.

Tim. Blest be thy Wife? thou wert an arrant Ass else.

Char. Ay, she is a stirring Woman indeed:
There's a Brain, Brother.

Tim. There's not a handsome Wench of any Mettle

[Exit.

[Exit.

Within.

Within a hundred Miles, but her Intelligence
Reaches her, and out-teaches her, and brings her
As confidently to Court, as to a Sanctuary.
What had his mouldy Brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not she beaten it out o'th' Flint to fasten him?
They say she keeps an Office of Concealments:
There is no young Wench, let her be a Saint,
Unless she live i'th' Center, but she finds her,
And every way prepares Addresses to her:
If my Wife would have followed her Course, *Charinthus*,
Her lucky Course, I had the day before him.

O what might I have been by this time, Brother?
But she, forsooth, when I put these things to her,
These things of honest Thrift, groans, O my Conscience,
The lead upon my Conscience, when to make us Cuckolds,
They have no more Burthen than a Brood-goose, Brother;
But let's do what we can, though this Wench fail us,
Another of a new way will be lookt at:
Come let's abroad, and beat our Brains, time may,
For all his Wisdom, yet give us a day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Drum within, *Alarm*; Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus, give me way, Sir,
I shall forget you love me else. *Leon.* Will ye lose all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay never to have been a Man, is nothing,
So you, and those we have preserv'd from Slaughter.
Come safely off. *Dem.* I have lost my self.

Leon. You are cozen'd. *Dem.* And am most miserable.
Leon. There's no Man so; but he that makes himself so.
Dem. I will go on. *Len.* You must not: I shall tell you then,
And tell you true, that Man's unfit to govern,
That cannot guide himself: You lead an Army?
That have not so much manly Sufferance left ye,
To bear a losi? *Dem.* Charge but once more, *Leontius*,
My Friends and my Companions are engag'd all.

Leon. Nay give 'em lost, I saw 'em off their Horses,
And the Enemy Master of their Arms; nor cou'd then
The Policy nor Strength of Man redeem 'em.

Dem. And shall I know this, and stand fooling?
Leon. By my dead Father's Soul you stir not, Sir,
Or if you do, you make your way through me first.

Dem. Thou art a Coward. *Leon.* To prevent a Madman.

None

None but your Father's Son durst call me so,
'Death if he did——Müst I be scandal'd by ye,
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save ye?
That, where there was a valiant Weapon stirring,
Both search'd it out, and singl'd it, unedg'd it,
For fear it should bite you; am I a Coward?
Go, get you up, and tell 'em ye are the King's Son;
Hang all your Lady's favours on your Crest,
And let 'em fight their Shares; spur to destruction,
You cannot miss the way: Be bravely desperate,
And your young Friends before ye that lost this Battle,
Your honourable Friends, that knew no Order,
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,
The wise and fortunate *Antigonus*,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,
Has sent a desperate Son without discretion,
To bury in an hour his Age of Honour.

Dem. I am ashamed. *Leon.* 'Tis ten to one, I die with ye.
The Coward will not long be after ye;
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for ye,
And tell a whining Tale, some ten years after,
To Boys and Girls in an old Chimney Corner,
Of what a Prince we had, how bravely spirited;
How young and fair he fell: We'll all go with ye
And ye shall see us all, like Sacrifices
In our best trim, fill up the Mouth of Ruin.
Will this Faith satisfie your Folly? Can this shew ye,
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall, forgotten, in a Multitude?
If you will needs tempt Fortune now she has held ye,
Held ye from sinking up. *Dem.* Pray do not kill me,
These Words pierce deeper than the Wounds I suffer.
The smarting Wounds of loss. *Leon.* Ye are too tender;
Fortune has Hours of Loss, and Hours of Honour,
And the most valiant feel them both; Take comfort,
The next is ours, I have a Soul descries it:
The angry Bull never goes back for Breath,
But when he means to arm his Fury double.
Let this Day set, but not the Memory,
And we shall find a time. How now Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant

Lieu. I know not: I am maul'd: We are bravely beaten,
All our young Gallants lost.

Leon. Thou art hurt. *Lieu.* I am pepper'd,
I was i'th' midst of all: And bang'd of all Hands:
They made an Anyile of my Head, it rings yet;

Never so thresh'd; Do you call this Fame? I have fam'd it;
I have got immortal Fame, but I'll no more on't;
I'll no such scratching Saint to serve hereafter;
O' my Conscience I was kill'd above twenty times,
And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still; I am hurt plaguily,
But now I have nothing near so much pain, Colonel,
They have slic'd me for that Malady. *Dem.* All the young Men lost?

Lieu. I am glad you are here: But they are all i'th' pound, Sir,
They'll never ride o'er other Men's Corn again, I take it,
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their Feathers,
And such careering with their Mistress's Favours;
And here must he be pricking out for Honour,
And there got he a Knock, and down goes Pilgarlick;
Commends his Soul to his she-saint, and *Exit.*
Another spurs in there, cries, Make room Villains,
I am a Lord, scarce spoken, but with Reverence
A Rascal takes him o'er the Face, and fells him;
There lies the Lord, the Lord be with him.

Leon. Now Sir, do you find this truth?

Dem. I wou'd not. *Lieu.* Pox upon it,
They have such tender Bodies too; such Culisses,
That one good handsome Blow breaks 'em in pieces.

Leon. How stands the Enemy? *Lieu.* Ev'n cool enough too:
For to say truth he has been shrewdly heated,
The Gentleman no doubt will fall to his Jewlips:

Leon. He marches not i'th' Tail'on's. *Lieu.* No, plague take him,
He'll kiss our Tails as soon; he looks upon us,
As if he wou'd say, if ye will turn again, Friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your Coxcombs.
Now shall we have damnable Ballads out against us,
Most wicked Madrigals: And ten to one, Colonel,
Sung to such lousie, lamentable Tunes. *Leon.* Thou art merry,
How e'er the Game goes: Good Sir be not troubled,
A better Day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off;
They are hot, and weary. *Dem.* I'll do any thing.

Leon. Lieutenant, send one presently away
To th' King, and let him know our State: And hark ye,
Besure the Messenger advise his Majesty
To comfort up the Prince: He's full of sadness.

Lieu. When shall I get a Chirurgeon? This hot Weather,
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, Colonel.

Leon. Go, I'll prepare thee one. *Lieu.* If ye catch me then,
Fighting again, I'll eat Hay with a Horse.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Leucippe, Reading, and two Maids at a Table writing.

Leu. Have ye written to Merione? 1 Maid. Yes, Madam.

Leu. And let her understand the hopes she has,
If she come speedily — 1 Maid. All these are specified.

Leu. And of the Chain is sent her,
And the rich stuff to make her shew more handsom here?

1 Maid. All this is done, Madam.

Leu. What have you dispatch'd there?

2 Maid. A Letter to the Country Maid, and't please ye.

Leu. A pretty Girl, but peevish, plaguy peevish.
Have ye bought the embroidered Gloves, and that Purse for her,
And the new Curl? 2 Maid. They are ready pack'd up, Madam.

Leu. Her Maiden-head will yield me; let me see now;
She is not fifteen they say: For her Complexion —

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here, I have her,

Cloe, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;

Her Age upon fifteen? Now her Complexion,

A lovely brown; here tis; Eyes black and rolling,

The Body neatly built; She strikes a Lute well,

Sings most enticingly; these helps consider'd,

Her Maiden-Head will amount to some three hundred,

Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.

Her Father's poor, some little share deducted,

To buy him a hunting Nag; Ay, 'twill be pretty.

Who takes care of the Merchant's Wife?

1 Maid. I have wrought her.

Leu. You know for whom she is? 1 Maid. Very well, Madam,
Though very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that Happiness. Leu. These Kind are subtile;
Did she not cry and blubber when you urg'd her?

1 Maid. O most extreamly, and swore she wou'd rather perish.

Leu. Good signs, very good signs, Symptoms of easie Nature.
Had she the Plate? 1 Maid. She look'd upon't, and left it,
And turn'd again, and view'd it. Leu. Very well still.

1 Maid. At length she was content to let it lye there,
'Till I call'd for't, or so. Leu. She will come?

1 Maid. Do you take me
For such a Fool, I wou'd part without that Promise?

Leu. The Chamber's next the Park.

1 Maid. The Widow, Madam,
You bad me look upon. Leu. Hang her, she is musty:
She is no Man's Meat; besides, she's poor and sluttish:

Where lies old *Thisbe* now, you are so long now—

2 Maid. *Thisbe, Thisbe, Thisbe, Agent Thisbe*, O I have her,
She lies now in Nicopolis. *Leu.* Dispatch a Packet,
And tell her, her Superior here commands her
The next Month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our Use, some twenty young and handsome,
As also able Maids, for the Court Service,
As she will answer it: We are out of Beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am ashamed to send it. [Knock within.
Who's that? Look out, to your business, Maid,
There's nothing got by Idleness: There is a Lady,
Which if I can but buckle with, *Altea*,
A, A, A, A, Altea, young, and married,
And a great Lover of her Husband, well,
Not to be brought to Court! Say ye so? I am sorry,
The Court shall be brought to you then; how now, who is't?

1 Maid. An ancient Woman with a Maid attending,
A pretty Girl, but out of Cloaths; for a little Money,
It seems she would put her to your bringing up, Madam.

Enter Woman and Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Would you ought with us, good Wo-
I pray be short, we are full of business. (man?)

Wom. I have a tender Girl here, an't please your Honour.

Leu. Very well.

Wom. That hath a great Desire to serve your Worship.

Leu. It may be so; I am full of Maids.

Wom. She is young forsooth—

And for her truth; and as they say her bearing.

Leu. Ye say well; Come ye hither Maid, let me feel your Pulse,
'Tis somewhat weak, but Nature will grow stronger,
Let me see your Leg, she treads but low i'th' Pavlerns. (it,

Wom. A cork Heel, Madam. *Leu.* We know what will do.
Without your aim, good Woman; what do you pitch her at?
She's but a slight Toy —— cannot hold out long.

Wom. Ev'n what you think is meet.

Leu. Give her ten Crowns, we are full of Business,
She is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheese home.

Enter the Wench i'th' Office. [Ex. *Wom.* and 1 *Maid.*

2 Maid. What's your Name, Sister? *Phe. Phebe, forsooth.*

Leu. A pretty Name; 'twill do well:

Go in, and let the other Maid instruct you, *Phebe*. [Ex. *Phe.*

Let my old Velvet Skirt be made fit for her.

I'll put her into action for a Wast-coat;

And when I have rigg'd her up once, this small Pinnace

[Knock within.
Shall

Shall fail for Gold, and good Store too ; who's there ?
Lord, shall we never have any Ease in this World ?
Still troubled ! Still molested ! What wou'd ye have ?

Enter Menippe.

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able,
And ye were my Husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.
At least a dozen Posts are gone this Morning
For several Parts of the Kingdom : I can do no more
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

Men. Prithee, good sweet Heart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee,
I know thou labour'st truly : Hark in thine Ear.

Leu. Ha !

What do you make so dainty on't ? Look there
I am an Ass, I can do nothing. Men. Celia ?
Ay, this is she ; a Stranger Born.

Leu. What would you give for more now ?

Men. Prithee, my best Leucippe, there's much hangs on't,
Lodg'd at the end of Mars's Street ? That's true too ;
At the sack of such a Town, by such a Soldier
Preserv'd a Prisoner ; and by Prince Demetrius
Bought from that Man again, maintain'd and favour'd :
How came you by this Knowledge ?

Leu. Poor, weak Man,
I have a thousand Eyes, when thou art sleeping,
Abroad, and full of business.

Men. You never try'd her ?

Leu. No, she is beyond my level ; so hedg'd in
By the Prince's infinite Love and Favour to her ————— (it ;

Men. She is a handsome Wench. Leu. A delicate, and knows
And out of that proof arms her self. Men. Come in then,
I have a great design from the King to you,
And you must work like Wax now. Leu. On this Lady ?

Men. On this, and all your Wits call home. Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of some Note ; old as I am,
I think my Brains will work without Barm ;
Take up the Books. Men. As we go in, I'll tell ye. [Exe.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords and a Soldier.

Ant. No Face of Sorrow for this Loss, 'twill choak him,
Nor no Man miss a Friend, I know his Nature
So deep imprest with Grief, for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his Ruin ;

His

His Loss is not so infinite, I hope, Soldier.

Sol. Faith neither great, nor out of Indiscretion.

The young Men out of heat.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.

Ant. I guess the manner.

Lord. The Prince and't like your Grace—s.

Ant. You are welcome home, Sir:

Come, no more Sorrow, I have heard your Fortune,
And I my self have try'd the like: Clear up Man,
I will not have ye take it thus; if I doubted,
Your Fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your Back to 'em,
Basely besought their Mercies—

Leon. No, no, by this Hand, Sir,
We fought like honest and tall Men.

Ant. I know't, *Leontius*: Or if I thought
Neglect of Rule, having his Counsel with ye,
Or too vain-glorious Appetite of Fame,
Your Men forgot and scatter'd. *Leon.* None of these, Sir,
He shew'd himself a noble Gentleman,
Every way apt to Rule. *Ant.* These being granted;
Why should you think you have done an act so heinous,
That nought but Discontent dwells round about ye?
I have lost a Battle. *Leon.* Ay, and fought it hard too.

Ant. With as much means as Man —

Leon. Or Devil cou'd urge it.

Ant. Twenty to one of our side now. *Leon.* Turn Tables,
Beaten like Dogs again, like Owls, you take it
To Heart for flying but a Mile before 'em;
And to say the truth, 'twas no flight neither, Sir,
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk,
I have tumbl'd with this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fish,
And stuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
Blooded and bang'd almost a Day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad Shaver,
He fights his share I am sure, when e'er he comes to't;
Yet I have seen him trip it tithly too,
And cry the Devil take the hindmost ever.

Lieu. I learnt it of my Betters. *Leon.* Boudge at this?

Ant. Has Fortune but one Face? *Lieu.* In her best Vizard
Methinks she looks but lowzily.

Ant. Chance, though she faint now,
And sink below our Expectations,
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy her?

Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the Enemy,
And lost my People, left mine Honour murder'd,
My Maiden Honour, never to be Ransom'd,

Which

Which to a noble Soul is too too sensible,
Afflicts me with this Sadness; most of these,
Time may turn straight again, Experience perfects,
And new Swords cut new ways to nobler Fortunes.
O I have lost — *Ant.* As you are mine, forget it:
I do not think it loss. *Dem.* O Sir, forgive me,
I have lost my Friends, those worthy Souls bred with me,
I have lost my self, they were the pieces of me:
I have lost all Arts, my Schools are taken from me,
Honour and Arms, no Emulation left me:
I liv'd to see these Men lost, look'd upon it;
These Men that twin'd their Loves to mine, their Virtues;
O shame of shames! I saw and cou'd not save 'em:
This carries Sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And like a fatal Tomb, bestrides my Memory.

Ant. This was hard Fortune, but if alive, and taken,
They shall be ransom'd: Let it be at Millions.

Dem. They are dead, there are dead.

Lieu. When wou'd he weep for me thus?

I may be dead and powder'd. *Leon.* Good Prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their Deaths: The Enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good Quarter.
What Noise is this?

Great Shout within: Enter Gentlemen.

Lieu. He does not follow us?

Give me a Steeple top. *Leon.* They live, they live, Sir.

Ant. Hold up your manly Face.

They live, they are here, Son. *Dem.* These are the Men.

1 Gent. They are, and live to honour ye.

Dem. How 'scap'd ye, noble Friends? Methought I saw ye
Even in the Jaws of Death. *2 Gent.* Thanks to our Folly,
That spur'd us on; we were indeed hedg'd round in't;
And ev'n beyond the hand of Succour, beaten;
Unhors'd, disarm'd: And what we lookt for then, Sir,
Let such poor weary Souls that hear the Bell knoll,
And see the Grave a digging, tell. *Dem.* For Heav'n's sake
Delude mine Eyes no longer! How came ye off?

1 Gent. Against all Expectation; the brave Seleucus,
I think this Day enamour'd on your Virtue,
When, through the Troops, he saw ye shoot like Lightning;
And at your manly Courage all took Fire;
And after that, the Misery we fell to,
The never-certain Fate of War, consid'ring,
As we stood all before him, Fortune's Ruins,
Nothing but Death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our Youths and Fortunes.

The

Then with an Eye of Mercy inform'd his Judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for such fatal Ends; he cry'd out to us,
Go Gentlemen, commend me to your Master,
To the most high, and hopeful Prince *Demetrius*;
Tell him the Valour that he show'd against me
This day, the Virgin Valour, and true Fire,
Deserves even from an Enemy this Courtesie;
Your Lives and Arms freely I'll give 'em: Thank him.
And thus we are return'd, Sir. *Leon.* Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done; was't not a noble part, Sir?
Lieu. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't;
These noble tricks I never durst trust 'em yet.

Leon. Let me not live, and 'twere not a fam'd Honesty;
It takes me such a tickling way: Now wou'd I wish, Heav'n,
But ev'n the Happiness, ev'n that poor blessing
For all the sharp Afflictions thou hast sent me,
But ev'n i'th' head o'th' Field; to take *Seleucus*.
I should do something memorable: Fie, sad still?

1 Gent. Do you grieve we are come off?

Dem. Unransom'd was it? *2 Gent.* It was, Sir:

Dem. And with such a Fame to me?

Said ye not so? *Leon.* Ye have heard it.

Dem. O *Leontius*!

Better I had lost 'em all: My self had perish'd,
And all my Father's hopes. *Leon.* Mercy upon you;
What ails you, Sir? Death, do not make fools on's,
Neither go to Church, nor tarry at Home?
That's a fine Hornpipe.

Ant. What's now your Grief, *Demetrius*?

Dem. Did he not beat us twice?

Leon. He beat, a Pudding; beat us but once.

Dem. H'as beat me twice, and beat me to a Coward,
Beat me to nothing. *Lieu.* Is not the Devil in him?

Leon. I pray it be no worse. *Dem.* Twice conquer'd me.

Leon. Bear witness all the World, I am Dunce here.

Dem. With Valour first he struck me, then with Honour,
That Stroak *Leontius*, that Stroak, dost thou not feel it?

Leon. Whereabouts was it? For I remember nothing yet.

Dem. All these Gentlemen that were his Prisoners —

Leon. Yes, he set 'em free, Sir, with Arms and Honour.

Dem. There, there, now thou hast it;

At mine own Weapon, Courtesie, h'as beaten me.

At that I was held a Master in, he has cow'd me,

Hotter than all the dint o'th' Fight he has charg'd me:

Am I not now a wretched Fellow? Think on't;

And

And when thou hast examin'd all ways honourable,
And find'st no Door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a Wretch, and was twice beaten.

Ant. I have observ'd your way, and understand it,
And equal love it as *Demetrius*,
My noble Child thou shall not fall in Virtue,
I and my Pow'r will sink first: You *Leontius*,
Wait for a new Commission, ye shall out again,
And instantly: You shall not lodge this Night here,
Not see a Friend, nor take a Blessing with ye,
Before ye be i'th' Field: The Enemy is up still,
And still in full design: Charge him again, Son,
And either bring home that again thou hast lost there,
Or leave thy Body by him. *Dem.* Ye raise me,
And now I dare look up again, *Leontius*.

Leon. Ay, ay, Sir, I am thinking who we shall take of 'em
To make all straight; and who we shall give to th' Devil.
What say'st thou now, Lieutenant? *Lieu.* I say nothing.
Lord what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my Constitution mightily alter'd
Since I came home: I hate all Noises too,
Especially the Noise of Drums; I am now as well
As any living Man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;
It goes against my Stomach. *Dem.* Good Sir, presently;
You cannot do your Son so fair a Favour.

Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'll see ye march away too.
Come, get your Men together presently, *Leontius*,
And pres's where please you, as you march. *Leon.* We go, Sir.
Ant. Wait you on me, I'll bring ye to your Command,
And then to Fortune give you up. *Dem.* Ye love me. [Exit.

Leon. Go, get the Drums, beat round, Lieutenant.

Lieu. Hark ye, Sir,
I have a foolish business they call Marriage.

Leon. After the Wars are done. *Lieu.* The Party stays, Sir,
I have giv'n the Priest his Mony too: All my Friends, Sir,
My Father, and my Mother. *Leon.* Will you go forward?

Lieu. She brings a pretty matter with her. *Leon.* Half a dozen
Lieu. Some forty, Sir. *Leon.* A goodly Competency. (Bastards.
Lieu. I mean Sir, Pounds a Year; I'll dispatch the matter,
'Tis but a Night or two; I'll overtake ye Sir.

Leon. The two old Legions, yes: Where lies the Horse-quarter?
Lieu. And if it be a Boy, I'll e'vn make bold, Sir.

Leon. Away with your Whore,
A plague o' your Whore, you damn'd Rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; must ye be clicketing?

Lieu. I have broke my Mind to my Ancient, in my absence; He's a sufficient Gentleman. *Leon.* Get forward.

Lieu. Only receive her Portion. *Leon.* Get ye forward, Else I'll bang ye forward. *Lieu.* Strange, Sir, A Gentleman and an Officer cannot have the liberty To do the Office of a Man. *Leon.* Shame light on thee, How came this Whore into thy Head? *Lieu.* This Whore, Sir? 'Tis strange, a poor Whore. *Leon.* Do not answer me, Troop, Troop away; do not name this Whore again, Or think there is a Whore. *Lieu.* That's very hard, Sir.

Leon. For if thou dost, look to't, I'll have thee Gelded, I'll walk ye out before me: Not a word more. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Leucippe, and Governess.

Leu. Ye are the Mistress of the House, ye say, Where this young Lady lies. *Gov.* For want of a better.

Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose. When was the Prince with her? Answer me directly:

Gov. Not since he went a Warring. *Leu.* Very well then: What carnal Copulation are you privy to Between these two? Be not afraid, we are Women, And may talk thus amongst our selves, no harm in't.

Gov. No sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that; But truly, that I ever knew the Gentlewoman Otherwise giv'n, than a hopeful Gentlewoman—

Leu. You'll grant me the Prince loves her? *Gov.* There I am And the Gods bless her, promises her mightily. (with ye.

Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her Gifts? *Gov.* Extreamly; And truly makes a very Saint of her. *Leu.* I shou'd think now, (Good Woman let me have your judgement with me,) I see 'tis none of the worst. Come sit down by me) That these two cannot love so tenderly.

Gov. Being so young as they are too. *Leu.* You say well. But that methinks some further Promises— *Gov.* Yes, yes, I have heard the Prince swear he wou'd marry her.

Leu. Very well still: They do not use to fall out?

Gov. The tenderest Chickens to one another, They cannot live an hour asunder. *Leu.* I have done then; And be you gone; you know your Charge, and do it. You know whose will it is; if you transgress it— That is, if any have access, or see her, Before the King's will be fulfill'd— *Gov.* Not the Prince, Ma— *Leu.* You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure ye. (dam? *Gov.*

Gov. But ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to obey ye.

Ley. Away and to your business then. Gov. 'Tis done, Madam,

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. **T**Hou hast taken wond'rous pains; but yet *Menippus*
You understand not of what Blood and Country.

Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.

A Greek I am sure she is, she speaks this Language.

Ant. Is she so excellent handsome? Men. Most enticing.

Ant. Sold for a Prisoner? Men. Yes Sir, some poor Creature.

Ant. And he loves tenderly? Men. They say extreamly.

Ant. 'Tis well prevented then: Yes, I perceiv'd it:

When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,

Desir'd an Hour, but half an Hour, a Minute,

Which I with Anger cross'd; I knew his business,

I knew 'twas she he hunted on; this Journey, Man,

I beat out suddenly for her cause intended,

And wou'd not give him time to breath. When comes she?

Men. This Morning, Sir. Ant. Lodge her to all Delight then:
For I wou'd have her try'd to th' Test: I know,
She must be some crackt Coin, not fit his Traffick,
Which when we have found, the shame will make him leave her,
Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
E'er he shall dig his own Grave in that Woman:
You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there,
To view her as she passes: And do you hear *Menippus*,
Observe her with all Sweetness; humour her,
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.
Away, and take what helps you please.

Men. I am gone, Sir.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Celia, and Governess.

Cel. Governess, from whom was this Gown sent me?

Prithee be serious true; I will not wear't else:

'Tis a handsome one. Gov. As though ye know not?

Cel. No Faith:

But I believe, for certain too, yet I wonder,

Because it was his Caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy Eyes. Gov. You have it: Does it please you?

Cel. 'Tis very rich, methinks too, prithee tell me?

Gov. From one that likes you well, never look coy, Lady;
These are no Gifts, to be put off with powtings.

Cel. Powtings, and Gifts: Is it from any Stranger?

Gov. You are so curious, that there is no talk to ye.

What if it be, I pray ye? Cel. Unpin, good Governess,
Quick, quick. Gov. Why, what's the matter?

Cel. Quick, good Governess:

Fie on't, how beastly it becomes me? Poorly?
A trick put in upon me? Well said Governess:
I vow I wou'd not wear it — out, it smells musty.
Are these your tricks? Now I begin to smell it,
Abominable musty; will you help me?

The Prince will come again — Gov. You are not mad sure?

Cel. As I live I'll cut it off: A pox upon it;
For sure it was made for that use; do you bring me Liveries?
Stales to catch Kites? Dost thou laugh too, thou base Woman?

Gov. I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd. Cel. Abuse me,
And then laugh at me too? Gov. I do not abuse ye:
Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty?
You want Cloaths; is it such a hainous Sin I beseech ye,
To see you stor'd?

Cel. There's no greater Wickedness than this way.

Gov. What way? Cel. I shall curse thee fearfully,
If thou provok'st me further: And take heed, Woman;
My Curses never miss. Gov. Curse him that sent it.

Cel. Tell but his Name — Gov. You dare not curse him.

Cel. Dare not? By this fair Light — Gov. You are so full of

Cel. Dare not be good? Be honest? Dare not curse him? [Passion
Gov. I think you dare not: I believe so. Cel. Speak him.

Gov. Up with your Valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.

Cel. If I do not, hang me; tell but his Name.

Gov. 'Twas Prince Demetrius sent it:

Now, now, give fire, kill i'th' Eye now, Lady.

Cel. Is he come home? Gov. It seems so; but your Curse now.

Cel. You do not lie, I hope. Gov. You dare not curse him.

Cel. Prethee do not abuse me: Is he come home indeed?

For I wou'd now with all my Heart believe thee.

Gov. Nay, you may chuse: Alas, I deal for Strangers,
That send ye scurvy musty Gowns, stale Liveries:
I have my tricks.

Cel. 'Tis a good Gown, a handsome one;

The Humorous Lieutenant.

I did but jest; where is he? Gov. He that sent it—

Cel. How? He that sent it? Is't come to that again?

Thou canst not be so foolish: Prethee speak out,

I may mistake thee. Gov. I said he that sent it.

Cel. Curse o' my Life: Why dost thou vex me thus?

I know thou meanest *Demetrius*, dost thou not?

I charge thee speak truth: If it be any other,

Thou knowest the charge he gave thee, and the Justice

His Anger will inflict, if e'er he know this,

As know he shall, he shall, thou spightful Woman,

Thou beastly Woman; and thou shalt know too late too,

And feel too sensible, I am no Ward,

No Sale-stuff for your Mony-Merchants that sent it:

Who dare send me, or how durst thou, thou—

Gov. What you please:

For this is ever the reward of Service.

The Prince shall bring the next himself. Cel. 'Tis strange

That you should deal so peevishly: Beshrew ye,

You have put me in a heat. Gov. I am sure ye have kill'd me:

I ne'er receiv'd such Language: I can but wait upon ye,

And be your Drudge; keep a poor Life to serve ye.

Cel. You know my Nature is too easie, Governess,

And you now know, I am sorry too: How does he?

Gov. O Gad, my Head.

Cel. Prethee be well, and tell me,

Did he speak of me, since he camè? Nay see now,

If thou wilt leave this Tyranny? Good sweet Governess,

Did he but name his *Celia*? Look upon me,

Upon my Faith I meant no harm: Here take this,

And buy thy self some trifles: Did he, good Wench?

Gov. He loves ye but too dearly. Cel. That's my good Governess.

Gov. There's more Cloaths making for ye.

Cel. More Cloaths? Gov. More:

Richer and braver; I can tell ye that News;

And twenty glorious things. Cel. To what use, Sirrah?

Gov. Ye are too good for our House now: We poor Wretches

Shall lose the comfort of ye. Cel. No, I hope not.

Gov. For ever lose ye, Lady.

Cel. Lose me? Wherefore? I hear of no such thing.

Gov. 'Tis sure it must be so:

You must shine now at Court: Such preparation,

Such hurry, and such hanging Roonis—

Cel. To th' Court, Wench? Was it to th' Court, thou saidst?

Gov. You'll find it so. Cel. Stay, stay, this cannot be:

Gov. I say it must be so.

I hope to find ye still the same good Lady.

Cel.

To th'Court? This stumbles me: Art sure for me Wench,
This preparation is? Gov. She is perilous crafty;
I fear too honest for us all too. Am I sure I live?

Cel. To th' Court? This cannot down: What shou'd I do there?
Why should he on a sudden change his Mind thus,
And not make me acquainted? Sure he loves me;
His Vow was made against it, and mine with him:
At least while this King liv'd. He will come hither,
And see me, e'er I go? Gov. Wou'd some wise Woman
Had her in working. That I think he will not,
Because he means with all joy there to meet ye.
Ye shall hear more within this Hour. Cel. A Courtier?
What may that meaning be? Sure he will see me
If he be come, he must: Hark ye, good Governess,
What Age is the King of?

Gov. He's an old Man, and full of Business.

Cel. I fear too full indeed: What Ladies are there?
I wou'd be loth to want good Company.

Gov. Delicate young Ladies, as you wou'd desire;
And when you are acquainted, the best Company.

Cel. 'Tis very well: Prithee go in, let's talk more.
For though I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.

Gov. I see he must be cunning, knocks this Doe down. [Exe.

SCENE III.

Enter Lieutenant, and Leontius: Drums within.

Leon. You shall not have your will, Sirrah, are ye running?
Have ye gotten a Toy in your Heels? Is this a Season,
When Honour pricks ye on, to prick your Ears up,
After your Whore, your Hobby-horse? Lieu. Why look ye now:
What a strange Man are you? Would you have a Man fight
At all hours all alike? Leon. Do but fight something;
But half a Blow, and put thy Stomach to't:
Turn but thy Face, and do make Mouths at 'em.

Lieu. And have my Teeth knockt out; I thank ye heartily,
Ye are my dear Friend. Leon. What a Devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd? Lieu. Faith, Sir, I make no Suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of Charity,
Continually in brawling. Leon. Art thou not he?
I may be cozen'd. Lieu. I shall be discover'd.

Leon. That in the midst of thy most hellish Pains,
When thou wert crawling Sick, didst aim at Wonders,
When thou wert mad with Pain?

Lieu. Ye have found the Cause out;

I had ne'er been mad to fight else: I confess, Sir,
 The daily torture of my Side that vext me,
 Made me as daily careless what became of me,
 Till a kind Sword there wounded me, and eas'd me;
 'Twas nothing in my Valour sought; I am well now,
 And take some pleasure in my Life; methinks now,
 It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle
 And kill one another foolishly for Honour,

As 'twas to you, to see me play the Coxcomb.

Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more? Lieu. I'th' mind I am in.

Leon. Nor never be sick again? Lieu. I hope I shall not.

Leon. Prithee be sick again; prithee, I beseech thee,
 Be just so sick again. Lieu. I'll be hang'd first.

Leon. If all the Arts that are can make a Cholick,
 Therefore look to't: Or if Impostumes, mark me,
 As big as Foot-balls—— Lieu. Deliver me.

Leon. Or Stones of ten Pound weight i'th' Kidneys,
 Through Ease and ugly Diets may be gather'd;
 I'll feed ye up my self, Sir, I'll prepare ye,
 You cannot fight, unless the Devil tear ye,
 You shall not want Provocations, I'll scratch ye,
 I'll have thee have the Tooth-ach, and the Head-ach.

Lieu. Good Colonel, I'll do any thing. Leon. No, no, nothing;
 Then will I have thee blown with a pair of Smiths Bellows.
 Because ye shall be sure to have a round Gale with ye,
 Fill'd full with Oyl o' Devil, and *Aqua-fortis*,
 And let these work, these may provoke. Lieu. Good Colonel.

Leon. A Coward in full Blood; prithee be plain with me,
 Will roasting do thee any good?

Lieu. Nor basting neither, Sir. Leon. Marry that goes hard.

Enter one Gentleman.

1 Gent. Where are you, Colonel?
 The Prince expects ye, Sir: ha's hedg'd the Enemy
 Within a streight, where all the hopes and Valours
 Of all Men living cannot force a Passage,
 He has 'em now. Leon. I knew all this before, Sir,
 I chalk'd him out his way: But do you see that thing there?

Lieu. Nay good sweet Colonel, I'll fight a little. Leon. That thing?

1 Gent. What thing? I see the brave Lieutenant,

Leon. Rogue, what a Name hast thou lost?

Lieu. You may help it,
 Yet you may help't: I'll do ye any courtesie:
 I know you love a Wench well.

Enter second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him;
 Do you look to. 2 Gent. What shou'd I look on?

I come to tell ye, the Prince stays your direction,
We have 'em now i'th' Coop, Sir.

Leon. Let 'em rest there.

And chew upon their Miseries: But look first——

Lieu. I cannot fight for all this. Leon. Look on this Fellow.
2 Gent. I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Canst thou hear this, and play the Rogue? Steal off quickly,
Behind me quickly, neatly do it,

And rush into the thickest of the Enemy,

And if thou kill'st but two. Lieu. You may excuse me,

'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight. Leon. Be rul'd yet, [Heart.
I'll beat thee on; go wink and fight; A plague upon your Sheeps.

2 Gent. What's all this matter? 1 Gent. Nay I cannot shew ye.

Leon. Here's twenty Pound, go but smell to 'em. Lieu. Alas Sir,
I have taken such a cold I can smell nothing.

Leon. I can smell a Rascal, a rank Rascal:

Fye, how he stinks, like a tyred Jade. 2 Gent. What, Sir?

Leon. Why, that Sir, do not you smell him?

2 Gent. Smell him? Lieu. I must endure.

Leon. Stink like a dead Dog, Carrion——

There's no such damnable smell under Heav'n,

As the faint sweat of a Coward. Will ye fight yet?

Lieu. Nay now I defie ye; ye have spoke the worst ye can
Of me, and if every Man should take what you say

To the Heart—— Leon. God ha' Mercy,

God ha' Mercy with all my heart: here I forgive thee;

And fight, or fight not, but go along with us,

And keep my Dog. Lieu. I love a good Dog naturally.

1 Gent. What's all this stir, Lieutenant? Lieu. Nothing Sir,

But a slight Matter of Argument. Leon. Pox take thee:

Sure I shall love this Rogue, he's so pretty a Coward.

Come Gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune

Dare play the slut again, I'll never more Saint her.

Come Play-fellow, come, prethee come up; come chicken,

I have a way shall fit yet: A tame Knave,

Come look upon us. Lieu. I'll tell ye who does best, Boys. [Exe.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus, above.

Men. I saw her coming out. Ant. Who waits upon her?

Men. Timon, Charinthus, and some other Gentlemen,
By me appointed. Ant. Where's your Wife? Men. She's ready
To entertain her here, Sir; and some Ladies

Fit for her Lodgings: Ant. How shews she in her Trim now?

Men. O most divinely sweet. Ant. Prithee speak softly.

How

How does she take her coming? *Men.* She bears it bravely;
But what she thinks—For heav'n sake, Sir, preserve me---
If the Prince chance to find this. *Ant.* Peace, ye old Fool;
She thinks to meet him here. *Men.* That's all the Project.

Ant. Was she hard to bring? *Men.* No, she believ'd it quickly,
And quickly made her self fit. The Gown a little,
And those new things she has not been acquainted with,
At least in this place, where she liv'd a Prisoner,
Troubled and stirr'd her Mind. But believe me, Sir,
She has worn as good, they fit so apted to her;
And she is so great a Mistress of disposure.

Here they come now: But take a full view of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and Gentlemen.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks? How she salutes all?
And how she views the place? She is very young sure:
That was an admirable Smile, a catching one,
The very twang of *Cupid's* Bow sung in it:
She has two-edg'd Eyes, they kill o' both sides.

Men. She makes a stand, as tho' she wou'd speak.

Ant. Be still then.

Cel. Good Gentlemen, trouble your selves no further,
I had thought sure to have met a noble Friend here.

Tim. Ye may meet many, Lady. *Cel.* Such as you are
I covet few or none, Sir. *Char.* Will you walk this way,
And take the sweets o' th' Garden? Cool and close, Lady.

Cel. Methinks this open Air's far better, tend ye that way.
Pray where's the Woman came along? *Char.* What Woman?

Cel. The Woman of the House I lay at. *Tim.* Woman?
Here was none came along sure. *Cel.* Sure I am catcht then:
Pray where's the Prince? *Char.* He will not be long from ye,
We are his humble Servants. *Cel.* I cou'd laugh now,
To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not,
For sure I know a way to scape all dangers.

Tim. Madam, your Lodgings lye this way. *Cel.* My Lodgings?
For Heav'n sake, Sir, what Office do I bear here?

Tim. The great Commander of all Hearts.

Enter Leucippe, and Ladies.

Cel. You have hit it.
I thank your sweet Heart for it. Who are these now?

Char. Ladies that come to serve ye. *Cel.* Well consider'd,
Are you my Servants? *Lady.* Servants to your Pleasures.

Cel. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye:
Catch'd with a trick? Well, I must bear it patiently:
Methinks this Court's a neat Place: All the People
Of so refin'd a size— *Tim.* This is no poor Rogue.

Leu. Were it a Paradise to please your Fancy,

And entertain the Sweetness you bring with ye.

Cel. Take breath;

You are fat, and many words may melt ye;

This is three Bawds beaten into one; bless me Heav'n,

What shall become of me? I am i'th' pitfall:

O' my Conscience, this is the old Viper, and all these little ones

Creep every night into her Belly. Do you hear, plump Servant,

And you my little sucking Ladies, you must teach me,

For I know you are excellent at Carriage,

How to behave my self, for I am rude yet:

But you say the Prince will come? *Lady.* Will flie to see you.

Cel. For look you, if a great Man, say the King now,
Shou'd come and visit me?

Men. She names ye. *Ant.* Peace, Fool.

Cel. And offer me a Kindness, such a Kindness——

Leu. Ay, such a Kindness. *Cel.* True Lady, such a Kindness——
What shall that Kindness be now? *Leu.* A witty Lady;
Learn little ones, learn. *Cel.* Say it be all his Favour.

Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis. *Cel.* And I grow peevish?

Leu. You must not be neglectful. *Cel.* There's the matter,
There's the main Doctrine now, and I may miss it:
Or a kind handsome Gentleman? *Leu.* You say well.

Cel. They'll count us basely bred. *Leu.* Not freely nurtur'd.

Cel. I'll take thy Counsel. *Leu.* 'Tis an excellent Woman.

Cel I find a notable Volume here, a learn'd one;
Which way? For I wou'd fain be in my Chamber,
In truth, sweet Ladies, I grow weary; fie,
How hot the Air beats on me? *Lady.* This way, Madam.

Cel. Now, by mine Honour, I grow wondrous faint too.

Leu. Your Fans, sweet Gentlewomen, your Fans.

Cel. Since I am fool'd,

I'll make my self some sport, though I pay dear for't.

[Ex.

Men. You see now what a manner of Woman she is, Sir.

Ant. Thou art an Ass.

Men. Is this a fit Love for the Prince? *Ant.* A Coxcomb:
Now by my Crown a dainty Wench, a sharp Wench,
And a matchless Spirit: How she jeer'd 'em?
How carelessly she scoff'd 'em? Use her nobly;
I wou'd I had not seen her: Wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.

Leon. We must keep a round and a strong watch to Night,
The Prince will not charge the Enemy till the Morning:

But

But for the trick I told ye for this Rascal,
This Rogue, that Health and strong Heart makes a Coward.

1 Gent. Ay, if it take. Leon. Ne'er fear it, the Prince has it;
And if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently: But you two
May help the Plough. 2 Gent. That he is sick again.
Leon. Extreamly sick; his Disease grown incurable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter Lieutenant.

2 Gent. Well, we have it,
And here he comes. Leon. The Prince has been upon him,
What a flatten Face he has now? It takes, believe it;
How like an Ass he looks? Lieu. I feel no great pain,
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly
I grow extreamly faint: How cold I sweat now?

Leon. So, so, so.
Lieu. And now 'tis ev'n too true, I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a strange pricking: How it tingles?
And as it were a Stitch too: The Prince told me,
And every one cried out I was a dead Man;
I had thought I had been as well— Leon. Upon him now Boys,
And do it most demurely. 1 Gent. How now Lieutenant?

Lieu. I thank ye, Gentlemen. 1 Gent. 'Life, how looks this Man?
How dost thou, good Lieutenant? 2 Gent. I ever told ye
This Man was never cur'd, I see it too plain now;
How do you feel your self? you look not perfect;
How dull his Eye hangs? 1 Gent. That may be Discontent.

2 Gent. Believe me, Friend, I wou'd not suffer now
The tithe of those Pains this Man feels; mark his Forehead
What a cloud of cold Dew hangs upon't? Lieu. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me?
A miserable Man I am. Leon. Ha, ha, ha;
A miserable Man thou shalt be.
This is the tamest Trout I ever tickl'd.

Enter two Physicians.

1 Phy. This way he went.
2 Phy. Pray Heav'n we find him living,
He's a brave Fellow, 'tis pity he should perish thus.

1 Phy. A strong hearted Man, and of a notable sufferance.
Lieu. Oh, oh!

1 Gent. How now? How is it, Man? Lieu. Oh, Gentlemen,
Never so full of Pain. 2 Gent. Did I not tell ye?

Lieu. Never so full of Pain, Gentlemen. 1 Phy. He is here;
How do you, Sir? 2 Phy. Be of good comfort, Soldier,
The Prince has sent us to you. Lieu. Do you think I may live?

1 Phy. He alters hourly, strangely.

1 Phy. Yes, you may live: But —

Leon. Finely butted, Doctor.

1 Gent. Do not discourage him. 1 Phy. He must be told Truth,
'Tis now too late to triflē.

Enter Demetrius, and Gentlemen.

3 Gent. Here the Prince comes.

Dem. How now, Gentlemen? 2 Gent. Bewailing, Sir, a Soldier,
And one, I think, your Grace will grieve to part with;
But every living thing — Dem. 'Tis true, must perish,
Our Lives are but our marches to our Graves.

How dost thou now, Lieutenant? Lieu. Faith 'tis true, Sir,
We are but Spans, and Candles ends. Leon. He's finely mortified.

Dem. Thou art Heart whole yet I see, he alters strangely,
And that apace too; I saw it this Morning in him,
When he, poor Man, I dare swear —

Lieu. No believ'r, Sir, I never felt it.

Dem. Here lies the Pain now: How he is swell'd?

1 Phy. The Impostume

Fed with a new malignant Humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible,
The Compass of a Bushel will not hold it.

And with such a Hell of Torture it will rise too —

Dem. Can you endure me touch it? Lieu. Oh, I beseech you, Sir:
I feel you sensibly e'er you come near me.

Dem. He's finely wrought, he must be cut, no Cure else,
And suddenly, you see how fast he blows out.

Lieu. Good Master Doctors, let me be beholding to you,
I feel I cannot last. 2 Phy. For what, Lieutenant?

Lieu. But ev'n for half a dozen Cans of good Wine,
That I may drink my will out: I faint hideously.

Dem. Fetch him some Wine; and since he must go, Gentlemen,
Why let him take his Journey merrily.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Lieu. That's ev'n the nearest way. Leon. I could laugh dead now.

Dem. Here, off with that. Lieu. These two I give your Grace,
A poor Remembrance of a dying Man, Sir,
And I beseech you wear 'em out. Dem. I will, Soldier,
These are fine Legacies. Lieu. Among the Gentlemen,
Ev'n all I have left; I am a poor Man, naked,
Yet something for Remembrance; four a piece, Gentlemen,
And so my Body where you please. Leon. It will work.

Lieu. I make your Grace my Executor, and I beseech ye
See my poor Will fulfill'd: Sure I shall walk else.

Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, Soldier.

1 Gent. The Wine will tickle him. Lieu. I wou'd hear a Drum
But to see how I cou'd endure it.

[beat,
Dem.

Dem. Beat a Drum there.

[Drum within]

Lieu Oh Heav'nly Musick, I wou'd hear one sing to't;
I am very full of pain. *Dem.* Sing? 'tis impossible.

Lieu. Why, then I would drink a Drum full:

Where lies the Enemy? *2 Gent.* Why, here close by.

Leon. Now he begins to muster. *Lieu.* And dare he fight?

Dare he fight, Gentlemen? *1 Phy.* You must not cut him:

He's gone then in a moment; all the hope left, is

To work his weakness into a sudden Anger,

And make him raise his Passion above his Pain,

And so dispose him on the Enemy;

His Body then, being stir'd with Violence,

Will purge it self, and break the Sore. *Dem.* 'Tis true, Sir.

1 Phy. And then my Life for his. *Lieu.* I will not dye thus.

Dem. But he's too weak to do— *Lieu.* Dye like a Dog?

2 Phy. Ay, he's weak, but yet he's heart whole. *Lieu.* Hem.

Dem. An excellent Sign. *Lieu.* Hem.

Dem. Stronger still, and better.

Lieu. Hem, hem; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan.

[Exit.]

1 Phy. Now he's i'th' way on't.

Dem. Well go thy ways, thou wilt do something certain.

Leon. And some brave thing, or let mine Ears be cut off.

He's finely wrought. *Dem.* Let's after him. *Leon.* I pray, Sir;

But how this Rogue, when this Cloud's melted in him,

And all discover'd—

Dem. That's for an After-Mirth; away, away, away. [Exe.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, and Soldiers.

Sel. Let no Man fear to die: We love to sleep all,
And Death is but the sounder Sleep; all Ages,
And all Hours call us; 'tis so common, easie,
That little Children tread those Paths before us;
We are not sick, nor our Souls prest with Sorrows,
Nor go we out with tedious Tales, forgotten;
High, high we come, and hearty to our Funerals,
And as the Sun that sets, in Blood let's fall.

Lysi. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot scape 'em.
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one Smile for us.
Dishonourable Ends we can scape though,
And, worse than those Captivities, we can die,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
These Clods of Flesh, that are too massie Burthens,
Our living Souls flie crown'd with living Conquests.

Ptol. They have begun, fight bravely, and fall bravely;—
And may that Man that seeks to save his Life now
By Price, or Promise, or by Fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of Soldier.

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? who charged first? I seek a brave Hand
To set me off in Death. Sol. We are not charg'd, Sir,
The Prince lies still. Sel. How comes this Larum up then?

Sol. There is one desperate Fellow, with the Devil in him,
He never durst do this else, has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or six; ventures upon whole Companies.

Ptol. And is not seconded? Sol. Not a Man follows.

Sel. Not cut i' Pieces? Sol. Their wonder has yet staid 'em.

Sel. Let's in, and see this Miracle. Ptol. I admire it. [Exe.

Enter Leontius, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off; I am sure he is clouted;
Did I not tell you how 'twould take? 1 Gent. 'Tis admirable.

Enter Lieutenant with Colours in his Hand, pursuing three or four Soldiers.

Lieu. Follow that Blow, my Friend, there's at your Coxcombs,
I fight to save me from the Surgeons Miseries.

Leon. How the Knaves curries 'em? Lieu. You cannot, Rogues,
Till you have my Diseases, fly my Fury,
Ye Bread and Butter Rogues, do ye run from me?
And my side would give me leave, I would so hunt ye,
Ye Porridge-gutted Slaves, Veal-broth Boobies.

Enter Demetrius, Physicians, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant, thou hast done bravely.

Dem. Mirrour of Man. Lieu. There's a Flag for ye, Sir,
I took it out o'th' Shop, and never paid for't,
I'll to 'em again, I am not come to th' text yet.

Dem. No more my Soldier: Beshrew my Heart he is hurt sore.

Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.

1 Phy. Now will we take him, and cure him in a trice.

Dem. Be careful of him. Lieu. Let me live but two Years,
And do what ye will with me;
I never had but two hours yet of Happiness;
Pray ye give me nothing to provoke my Valour,
For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting—

2 Phy. Ye shall have nothing; come to the Prince's Tent,
And there the Surgeons presently shall search ye,
Then to your Rest. Lieu. A little handsome Litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep. Lebn. Look to him.

Dem. I do believe a Horse begot this Fellow;
He never knew his Strength yet; they are our own.

Leon. I think so, I am cozen'd else; I wou'd but see now

A way to fetch these off, and save their Honours.

Dem. Only their Lives.

Leon. Pray ye take no way of Peace now,
Unless it be with infinite Adyantage. *Dem.* I shall be rul'd,
Let the Battels now move forward,
Our self will give the Signal:

Enter Trumpet and Herald.

Now Herald, what's your Message? *Her.* From my Masters,
This honourable Courtesie, a Parley
For half an hour, no more, Sir. *Dem.* Let 'em come on,
They have my princely Word.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, Attendants, and Soldiers.

Her. They are here to attend ye.

Dem. Now Princes, your Demands? *Sel.* Peace, if it may be
Without the too much tainture of our Honour:
Peace, and we'll buy it too. *Dem.* At what price? *Lys.* Tribute.

Ptol. At all the charge of this War. *Leon.* That will not do.

Sel. Leontius, you and I have serv'd together,
And run through many a Fortune with our Swords,
Brothers in Wounds and Health; one Meat has fed us;
One Tent a Thousand times from cold Night cover'd us;
Our Loves have been but one; and had we died then,
One Monument had held our Names, and Actions:
Why do you set upon your Friends such prices?
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such Trophies?
Have we forgot to die? or are our Virtues
Less in Afflictions constant, than our Fortunes?

Ye are deceiv'd, old Soldier. *Leon.* I know your Worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your Virtues:
Were these my Wars, or led my Pow'r in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your Memories:

They are my King's Employments; this Man fights now,
To whom I owe all Duty, Faith, and Service;
This Man that fled before ye; call back that,
That bloody Day again, call that Disgrace home,
And then an easie Peace may sheath our Swords up.

I am not greedy of your Lives and Fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow ye.

Honour, the spur of all illustrious Natures,
That made you famous Soldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious Envy, strikes me forward.

Will ye unarm, and yield your selves his Prisoners?

Sel. We never knew what that Sound meant: No Gyves
Shall ever bind this Body, but Embraces;
Nor weight of Sorrow here, till Earth fall on me.

Leon. Expect our Charge then. *Lys.* 'Tis the nobler Courtesie:

And

And so we leave the Hand of Heav'n to bless us.

Dem. Stay, have you any hope? *Sel.* We have none left us, But that one Comfort of our Deaths together; Give us but room to fight. *Leon.* Win it and wear it.

Ptol. Call from the Hills those Companies hang o'er us, Like bursting Clouds; and then break in, and take us.

Dem. Find such a Soldier will forsake Advantage, And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be noble, And hang a Light out to you in this Darkness, The light of Peace; give up those Cities, Forts, And all those Frontier Countries to our uses.

Sel. Is this the Peace, Traitors to those that feed us, Our Gods and People? Give our Countries from us?

Lysi. Begin the Knell, it sounds a great deal sweeter.

Ptol. Let loose your Servant, Death. *Sel.* Fall Fate upon us, Our Memories shall never stink behind us.

Dem. Seleucus, great Seleucus. *Sol.* The Prince calls, Sir.

Dem. Thou stock of Nobleness and Courtesie, Thou Father of the War — *Leon.* What means the Prince now?

Dem. Give me my Standard here. *Lysi.* His Anger's melted.

Dem. You Gentlemen that were his Prisoners, And felt the Bounty of that noble Nature, Lay all your Hands, and bear these Colours to him, The Standard of the Kingdom; take it, Soldier.

Ptol. What will this mean?

Dem. Thou hast won it, bear it off, And draw thy Men home whilst we wait upon thee.

Sel. You shall have all our Countries.

Lysi. *Ptol.* All, by Heav'n, Sir.

Dem. I will not have a Stone, a Bush, a Bramble, No, in the way of Courtesie, I'll start ye; Draw off, and make a Lane through all the Army, That these that have subdu'd us, may march through us.

Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such Goodness, I'll bear your Standard for ye; follow ye.

Dem. I swear it shall be so, march through me fairly, And thine be this Day's Honour, great Seleucus.

Ptol. Mirrour of noble Minds. *Dem.* Nay then ye hate me.

Leon. I cannot speak now: [Ex. with Drums, and Shouts.

Well, go thy ways; at a sure piece of Bravery Thou art the best; these Men are won by th' necks now: I'll send a Post away.

Exe.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. **N**o Aptness in her?

Men. Not an immodest Motion,
And yet when she is courted,
Makes as wild witty Answers. *Ant.* This more fires me,
I must not have her thus. *Men.* We cannot alter her.

Ant. Have ye put the Youths upon her?

Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a Beauty,
But like so many Whelps about an Elephant—
The Prince is coming home, Sir. *Ant.* I hear that too,
But that's no matter; am I alter'd well?

Men. Not to be known, I think, Sir. *Ant.* I must see her.

Enter two Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 Gent. I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,
I try'd her through all points o'th' Compass, I think.

2 Gent. She studies to undo the Court, to plant here
The Enemy to our Age, Chastity;
She is the first that e'er bauk'd a close Arbour,
And the sweet' Contents within: She hates curl'd Heads too,
And setting up of Beards she swears is Idolatry.

1 Gent. I never knew so fair a Face so froze;
Yet she would make one think— *2 Gent.* True by her Carriage,
For she's as wanton as a Kid to th' outside,
As full of Mocks and Taunts: I kiss'd her Hand too,
Walkt with her half an Hour. *1 Gent.* She heard me sing,
And sung her self too, she sings admirably;
But still when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently
With some new flam or other, nothing to th' matter,
And such a Frown, as would sink all before her,
She takes her Chamber; come, we shall not be the last Fools.

2 Gent. Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange Wench.

Ant. This screws me up still higher.

Enter Celia, and Ladies behind her.

Men. Here she comes, Sir.

Ant. Then be you gone; and take the Women with ye,
And lay those Jewels in her way. *Cel.* If I stay longer
I shall number as many Lovers as *Lais* did;
How they flock after me? Upon my Conscience,
I have had a dozen Horses giv'n me this Morning,

I'll ev'n set up a Troop, and turn She-Soldier.
 A good discreet Wench now, that were not hidé-bound,
 Might raise a fine Estate here, and suddenly:
 For these warm things will give their Souls—I can go no where
 Without a world of Off'rings to my Excellence:
 I am a Queen, a Goddess, I know not what—
 And no Constellation in all Heav'n, but I out-shine it;
 And they have found out now I have no Eyes
 Of mortal Lights, but certain Influences,
 Strange virtuous Lightnings, humane Nature starts at,
 And I can kill my twenty in a Morning,
 With as much ease now—
 Ha! What are these? New Projects?
 Where are my honourable Ladies? Are you out too?
 Nay then I must buy the Stock, send me good Carding:
 I hope the Prince's Hands be not in this sport;
 I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him,
 And that troubles me: All these were Recreations
 Had I but his sweet Company to laugh with me:
 What Fellow's that? Another Apparition?
 This is the loving'ſt Age: I should know that Face,
 Sure I have seen't before, not long since neither.

Ant. She sees me now; O Heav'n, a most rare Creature!

Cel. Yes, 'tis the same: I will take no notice of ye,
 But if I do not fit ye, let me fry for't;
 Is all this cackling for your Egg? They are fair ones,
 Excellent rich no doubt too; and may stumble
 A good staid Mind, but I can go thus by 'em.
 My honest Friend; do you set off these Jewels?

Ant. Set 'em off, Lady? *Cel.* I mean, sell 'em here, Sir.

Ant. She's very quick; for sale they are not meant sure.

Cel. For Sanctity I think much less: Good ev'n, Sir.

Ant. Nay noble Lady, stay: 'Tis you must wear 'em:
 Never look strange, they are worthy your best Beauty.

Cel. Did you speak to me? *Ant.* To you or to none living:
 To you they are sent, to you they're sacrific'd.

Cel. I'll never look a Horse i'th' Mouth that's giv'n:
 I thank ye, Sir: I'll send one to reward ye.

Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em? *Cel.* Never I:
 Nor never care; if it be an honest End,
 That End's the full Reward, and Thanks but slubber it;
 If it be ill, I will not urge the Acquaintance.

Ant. This has a Soul indeed: Pray let me tell ye—

Cel. I care not if ye do, so you do it handsomely,
 And not stand picking of your Words. *Ant.* The King sent 'em.

Cel. Away, away, thou art some foolish Fellow,

And

And now I think thou hast stole 'em too; the King sent 'em?
Alas good Man, woud'st thou make me believe
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old Man,
A good old Man, they say too: I dare swear
Full many a Year ago he left these Gambols:
Here, take your Trinkets. *Ant.* Sure I do not lye, Lady.

Cel. I know thou lyest extreamly, damnable:
Thou hast a lying Face. *Ant.* I was never thus ratled.

Cel. But say I shou'd believe: Why are these sent me?
And why art thou the Messenger? Who art thou?

Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then consider
Who can send such as these, but a King only?
And to what Beauty can they be Oblations,
But only yours? For me that am the Carrier,
'Tis only fit you know I am his Servant,
And have fulfill'd his Will. *Cel.* You are short and pithy,
What must my Beauty do for these? *Ant.* Sweet Lady,
You cannot be so hard of Understanding,

When a King's Favour shines upon ye gloriously,
And speaks his Love in these— *Cel.* O then Love's the matter;
Sir-reverence Love: Now I begin to feel ye:
And I shou'd be the King's Whore, a brave Title;
And go as glorious as the Sun; O brave still:
The chief Commandress of his Concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his Pleasures.

Ant. A devilish subtil Wench, but a rare Spirit.

Cel. And when the good old Spunge had suckt my Youth dry,
And left some of his Royal Aches in my Bones:
When time shall tell me I have plough'd my Life up,
And cast long Furrows in my Face to sink me.

Ant. You must not think so, Lady. *Cel.* Then can these, Sir,
These precious things, the price of Youth and Beauty,
This shop here off Sin-offerings, set me oft again?
Can it restore me Chaste, Young, Innocent?
Purge me to what I was? Add to my Memory
An honest and a noble Fame? The King's Device;
The Sin's as Universal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlasting Torch to shame me.

Ant. Do you hold so slight account of a great King's Favour,
That all Knees bow to purchase? *Cel.* Prithee peace:
If thou knew'st how ill-favour'dly thy Tale becomes thee,
And what ill Root it takes— *Ant.* You will be wiser.

Cel. Cou'd the King find no Shape to shift his Pander into,
But reverend Age? And one so like himself too? [Gravity?

Ant. She has found me out. *Cel.* Cozen the World with

Prethee resolve me one thing, do's the King love thee?

Ant. I think he do's. *Cel.* It seems so by thy Office: He loves thy use, and when that's ended, hates thee. Thou seemest to me a Soldier. *Ant.* Yes I am one.

Cel. And hast fought for thy Country? *Ant.* Many a time.

Cel. May be, commanded too? *Ant.* I have done, Lady.

Cel. O wretched Man, below the state of Pity!

Canst thou forget thou wert begot in Honour?

A free Companion for a King? A Soldier?

Whose Nobleness dare feel no want, but Enemies?

Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretchedly,

To eat the Bread of Bawdry, of base Bawdry?

Feed on the scum of Sin? Fling thy Sword from thee;

Dishonour to the noble Name that nurs'd thee;

Go, beg Diseases: Let them be thy Armours,

Thy Fights, the flames of Lust, and their foul Issues.

Ant. Why then I am a King, and mine own Speaker.

Cel. And I as free as you, mine own Disposer:

There take your Jewels; let them give them Lustres

That have dark Lives and Souls; wear 'em your self, Sir,

You'll seem a Devil else. *Ant.* I command ye stay.

Cel. Be just, I am commanded: *Ant.* I will not wrong ye.

Cel. Then thus low falls my Duty. *Ant.* Can ye love me?

Say ay, and all I have—— *Cel.* I cannot love ye;

Without the breach of Faith I cannot hear ye;

Ye hang upon my Love, like Frosts on Lillies:

I can die, but I cannot love: You are answer'd.

[Exit.

Ant. I must find apter means, I love her truly.

[Exit.

S C E N E . II.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, Soldiers, and Host.

Dem. Hither do you say she is come? *Host.* Yes Sir, I am sure For whilst I waited upon ye, putting my Wife in trust, [on't: I know not by what means, but the King found her, And hither she was brought; how, or to what end——

Dem. My Father found her? *Host.* So my Wife informs me.

Dem. Leontius, pray draw off the Soldiers, I wou'd a while be private.

Leon. Fall off Gentlemen, the Prince would be alone.

[Ex. Leon. and Sol.

Dem. Is he so cunning?

There is some trick in this, and you must know it,

And be an Agent too: Which if it prove so——

Host. Pull me to pieces, Sir. *Dem.* My Father found her? My Father brought her hither? Went she willingly?

Host.

Host. My Wife says, full of doubts.

Dem. I cannot blame her,

No more: There's no trust, no faith in Mankind.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, and Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her up close, he must not come to see her:

You are welcome nobly now, welcome home Gentlemen;

You have done a courteous service on the Enemy

Has tyed his Faith for eyer; you shall find it;

Ye are not now in's debt, Son. Still your sad Looks?

Leontius, what's the matter? *Leon.* Truth Sir, I know not.

We have been merry since we went. *Lieu.* I feel it.

Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do you want Mony?

Sure he has heard o'th' Wench.

Dem. Is that a want, Sir? I wou'd fain speak to your Grace.

Ant. You may do freely.

Dem. And not deserve your Anger? *Ant.* That ye may too.

Dem. There was a Gentlewoman, and sometimes my Prisoner,
Which I thought well of, Sir: Your Grace conceives me.

Ant. I do indeed, and with much Grief conceive ye;

With full as much Grief as your Mother bare you.

There was such a Woman: Wou'd I might as well say,

There was no such, *Demetrius*: *Dem.* She was virtuous,

And therefore not unfit my Youth to love her:

She was as fair— *Ant.* Her Beauty, I'll proclaim too,

To be as rich as ever reign'd in Woman;

But how she made that good, the Devil knows.

Dem. She was—O Heav'n! *Ant.* The Hell to all thy Glories,

Swallow'd thy Youth, made shipwrack of thine Honour:

She was a Devil. *Dem.* Ye are my Father, Sir.

Ant. And since ye take a pride to shew your Follies,

I'll muster 'em, and all the World shall view 'em.

Leon. What heat is this? The King's Eyes speak his Anger.

Ant. Thou hast abus'd thy Youth, drawn to thy Fellowship

Instead of Arts and Arms, a Woman's Kisses,

The subtleties, and soft Heats of a Harlot.

Dem. Good Sir, mistake her not. *Ant.* A Witch, a Sorceress:

I tell thee but the truth; and hear, *Demetrius*,

Which has so dealt upon thy Blood with Charms,

Dev'lish and dark; so lockt up all thy Virtues;

So pluckt thee back from what thou sprung'st from, Glorious.

Dem. O Heav'n, that any Tongue but his durst say this!

"hat any Heart durst harbour it! Dread Father,

f for the Innocent the Gods allow us

So bend our Knees— *Ant.* Away, thou art bewitch'd still,

Though she be dead, her Pow'r still lives upon thee.

Dem. Dead? O sacred Sir: Dead, did you say?

Ant. She is dead, Fool. *Dem.* It is not possible: Be not so angry, Say she is fain under your sad Displeasure, Or any thing but dead; say she is banish'd, Invent a Crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.

Ant. Dead by the Law: We found her Hell, and her, I mean her Charms and Spells, for which she perish'd; And she confess she drew thee to thy Ruin, And purpos'd it, purpos'd my Empire's Overthrow.

Dem. But is she dead? Was there no pity, Sir? If her Youth err'd, was there no Mercy shown her? Did ye look on her Face, when ye condemn'd her?

Ant. I look'd into her Heart, and there she was hideous.

Dem. Can she be dead? Can Virtue fall untimely?

Ant. She is dead, deservingly she died. *Dem.* I have done then.

O matchless Sweetness whither art thou vanish'd?

O thou fair Soul of all thy Sex, what Paradise

Hast thou enrich'd and blest? I am your Son, Sir,

And to all you shall command stand most obedient,

Only a little time I must intreat you

To stady to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,

Nor I long after it. Art thou dead, *Celia*,

Dead, my poor Wench? My joy, pluckt green with Violence.

O fair sweet Flower, farewell; Come, thou destroyer

Sorrow, thou melter of the Soul, dwell with me;

Dwell with me solitary Thoughts, Tears, Cryings,

Nothing that loves the Day love me, or seek me.

And Love, I charge thee, never charge mine Eyes more,

Nor ne'er betray Beauty to my Curses:

For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,

And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at,

For she is gone that was all, and I nothing---

[Ex. & Gent.

Ant. This Opinion must be maintain'd. *Men.* It shall be, Sir.

Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleasure

Draw him to th' right again. Wait your Instructions,

And see the Soldier paid, *Leontius*:

Once more ye are welcome home all.

All. Health to your Majesty.

[Exit Antig. &c.

Leon. Thou went'st along the Journey, how canst thou tell?

Host. I did, but I am sure 'tis so: Had I staid behind,

I think this had not prov'd. *Leon.* A Wench the Reason?

Lieu. Who's that talks of a Wench there?

Leon. All this Discontent about a Wench?

Lieu. Where is this Wench, good Colonel?

Leon. Prethee hold thy Peace: Who calls thee to Council?

Lieu. Why, if there be a Wench---

Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her.

That

That I'll say for thee, and as fit thou art for her,
Let her be mew'd or stopt. How is it, Gentlemen?

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. He's wondrous discontent, he'll speak to no Man.

2 Gent. H'as taken his Chamber close, admits no Entrance;
Tears in his Eyes, and cryings out. Host. 'Tis so, Sir,
And now I wish my self half hang'd e'er I went this Journey.

Leon. What is this Woman? Lieu. Ay.

Host. I cannot tell ye, but handsome as Heav'n.

Lieu. She is not so high I hope, Sir.

Leon. Where is she? Lieu. Ay, that would be known.

Leon. Why, Sirrah. Host. I cannot show ye neither;
The King has now dispos'd of her.

Leon. There lyès the matter:

Will he admit none to come to comfort him?

1 Gent. Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their Hearts out,
Will never speak. Lieu. 'Tis the best way if he have her;
For look you, a Man would be loth to be disturb'd in's Pastime;
'Tis every good Man's case. Leon. 'Tis all thy living.
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it:
For when these tender Souls meet deep Afflictions
They are not strong enough to struggle with 'em,
But drop away as Snow does from a Mountain,
And in the Torrent of their own Sighs sink themselves:
I will and must speak to him. Lieu. So must I too:
He promis'd me a Charge. Leon. Of what? of Children?
Upon my Conscience, thou hast a double Company,
And all of thine own begetting already.

Lieu. That's all one,
I'll raise 'em to a Regiment; and then command 'em:
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em:
Knock 'em o'th' Head, and put in new. Leon. A rare way;
But for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the Prince now?

Lieu. Do you think he's angry?

1 Gent. Extreamly vex'd.

2 Gent. To the endang'ring of any Man comes near him.

1 Gent. Yet, if thou couldst but win him out,
What e'er thy Suit were, believe it granted presently.

Leon. Yet you must think though,
That in the doing he may break upon ye,
And—— Lieu. If he do not kill me.

Leon. There's the Question.

Lieu. For half a dozen hurts. Leon. Art thou so valiant?

Lieu. Not absolutely so neither: No it cannot be,
I want my Impostumes, and my things about me,

Yet

Yet I'll make danger, Colonel. *Leon.* 'Twill be rare sport,
Howe'er it take; give me thy Hand; if thou dost this,
I'll raise thee up a horse Troop, take my word for't.

Lieu. What may be done by human Man.

Leon. Let's go then.

I Gent. Away before he cool: He will relapse else. [Ex.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Leucippe.

Ant. Will she not yield? *Leu.* For all we can urge to her;
I swore you wou'd marry her, she laugh'd extreamly,
And then she rail'd like Thunder. *Ant.* Call in the Magician;
I must, and will obtain her, I am Ashes else.

Enter Magician with a Bowl.

Are all the Philters in? Charms, Powders, Roots?

Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The Invoation of some helping Spirits.

Ant. To your work then, and dispatch.

Mag. Sit still, and fear not.

Leu. I shall ne'er endure these Sights.

Ant. Away with the Woman: go wait without.

Leu. When the Devil's gone, pray call me. [Exit.]

Ant. Besure you make it pow'rful enough.

Mag. Pray doubt not— [He Conjures.]

A S O N G.

Rise from the Shades below,
All you that prove
The helps of looser Love;
Rise, and bestow
Upon this Cup, whatever may compel,
By powerful Charm, and unresisted Spell,
A Heart unwarm'd to melt in Loves Desires;
Distil into this Liquor all your Fires,
Heats, Longings, Tears;
But keep back frozen Fears;
That she may know, that has all Pow'r defied,
Art is a Pow'r that will not be denied.

The A N S W E R.

I Obey, I Obey,
And am come to view the Day;
Brought along, all may compel,
All the Earth has, and our Hell.

Here's

Here's a little, little Flower,
 This will make her sweat an Hour,
 Then unto such Flames arise,
 A thousand Joys will not suffice:
 Here's the Powder of the Moon,
 With which she caught Endymion;
 The powerful Tears that Venus cry'd,
 When the Boy Adonis dy'd.
 Here's Medea's Charm, with which
 Jason's Heart she did bewitch;
 Omphale this Spell put in,
 When she made the Libyan spin.
 This dull Root pluckt from Lethe Flood,
 Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
 These I stir thus, round, round, round,
 Whilst our light Feet beat the Ground.

Mag. Now Sir, 'tis full, and whosoever drinks this
 Shall violently doat upon your Person,
 And never sleep nor eat unsatisfied:
 So many hours 'twill work, and work with Violence;
 And those expir'd, 'tis done. You have my Art, Sir.

Enter Leucippe.

Ant. See him rewarded liberally—Leucippe,
 Here, take this Bowl, and when she calls for Wine next,
 Be sure you give her this, and see her drink it;
 Delay no time when she calls next. Leu. I shall, Sir. [Sir.

Ant. Let none else touch it on your Life Leu. I am charg'd

Ant. Now if she have an antidote Art let her 'scape me. [Ex.

Enter Leontius, Lieutenant and Gentlemen.

1 Gent. There's the Door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any thing.

Leon. Here's no Man waits.

1 Gent. H'as giv'n a charge that none shall,
 Nor none shall come within the hearing of him:

Dare ye go forward? Leon. Let me put on my Skull first.

My Head's almost beaten into the pap of an Apple.

Are there no Guns i'th' Door? Leon. The Rogue will do it.

And yet I know he has no Stomach to't.

Lieu. What Loop-holes are there when I knock, for Stones,
 For those may Pepper me; I can perceive none.

Leon. How he views the Fortification. Lieu. Farewel Gentlemen,
 If I be kill'd— Leon. We'll see thee buried bravely.

Lieu. Away, how should I know that then? I'll knock softly.
 Pray Heav'n he speak in a low Voice now to comfort me:

I feel I have no Heart to't:—Is't well, Gentlemen?

Colonel, my Troop— Leon. A little louder. Lieu. Stay, Stay,

Here is a Window, I will see, stand wide.
By--- he's charging of a Gun. *Leon.* There's no such matter.
There's no Body in this Room. *Lieu.* O 'twas a fire-shovel:
Now I'll knock louder; if he say who's there?
As sue he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely and demurely, My Troop, Colonel---- [Knocks louder.]
1 Gent. Knock louder, Fool, he hears not.

Lieu. You Fool, do you,
Do and you dare now. 1 Gent. I do not undertake it.

Lieu. Then hold your Peace, and meddle with your own matters.
Leon. Now he will knock. [Knocks louder.]

Lieu. Sir, Sir, will't please you hear, Sir?
Your Grace. I'll look again, what's that?

Leon. He's there now.

Lord! How he stares! I ne'er yet saw him thus alter'd:
Stand now, and take the Troop. *Lieu.* Wou'd I were in't,
And a good Horse under me. I must knock again,
The Devil's at my Fingers ends: He comes now.

Now Colonel, if I live — *Leon.* The Troop's thine own, Boy.

Enter Demetrius with a Pistol

Dem. What desperate Fool, ambitious of his Ruin?

Lieu. Your Father wou'd desire ye, Sir, to come to Dinner.

Dem. Thou art no more: *Lieu.* Now, now, now, now.

Dem. Poor Coxcomb: Why do I aim at thee? [Exit.]

Leon. His Fear has kill'd him.

Enter Leucippe with a Bowl.

2 Gent. I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him and rub him,
Hold his Nose close, you, if you be a Woman,
Help us a little: Here's a Man near perish'd.

Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.

Look to my Bowl; I'll run in presently
And fetch some water: Bend him, and set him upwards. [Exit.]

Leon. A goodly Man —

Here's a brave Heart: He's warm again: You shall not
Leave us i'th' lurch so, Sirrah. 2 Gent. Now he breaths too.

Leon. If we had but any Drink to raise his Spirits.
What's that i'th' Bowl? upon my life, good Liquor,
She wou'd not own it else. 1 Gent. He fees.

Leon. Look up Boy,
And take this Cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his Mouth, he swallows heartily.

2 Gent. Oh! Fear and Sorrow's dry; 'tis off —

Leon. Stand up Man. *Lieu.* Am I not shot?

Leon. Away with him, and chear him:
Thou hast won thy Troop. *Lieu.* I think I won it bravely.

Leon. Go, I must see the Prince, he must not live thus;

And

And let me hear an hour hence from ye.

Well, Sir—

[Exeunt Gent. and Lieu.

Enter Leucippe with Water.

Leu. Here, here: Where's the sick Gentleman?

Leon. He's up, and gone, Lady.

Leu. Alas, that I came so late. Leon. He must still thank ye;
Ye left that in a Cup here did him Comfort.

Leu. That in the Bowl?

Leon. Yes truly, very much Comfort,

He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.

Leu. Did he drink it all? Leon. All off.

Leu. The Devil choak him;

I am undone: H'as twenty Devils in him;

Undone for ever, left he none? Leon. I think not.

Leu. No, not a drop: What shall become of me now?

Had he no where else to swoon? a vengeance swoon him:

Undone, undone, undone: Stay, I can lye yet

And swear too at a pinch, that's all my Comfort.

Look to him; I say look to him, and but mark what follows. [Ex.

Enter Demetrius.

Leon. What a Devil ails the Woman? here comes the Prince a-
With such a sadness on his Face, as Sorrow, (gain,
Sorrow her self but poorly imitates.

Sorrow of Sorrows on that Heart that caus'd it.

Dem. Why might she not be false and treach'rous to me?
And found so by my Father? she was a Woman,
And many a one of that Sex, young and fair,
As full of Faith as she, have fall'n, and foully:

Leon. It is a Wench! O that I knew the circumstance.

Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this Ruin,
She having lost her Honour, and abused me,
My Father change the forms o'th' Coins, and execute
His Anger on a Fault she ne'er committed,
Only to keep me safe? Why should I think so?

She never was to me, but all Obedience,

Sweetness and Love. Leon. How heartily he weeps now?

I have not wept this thirty Years, and upward;

But now, if I should be hang'd, I cannot hold from't:

It grieves me to the Heart. Dem. Who's that that mocks me?

Leon. A plague of him that mocks ye: I grieve truly,
Truly, and heartily to see you thus, Sir:
And if it lay in my Pow'r, gods are my Witness,
Whoe'er he be that took your sweet Peace from you;
I am not so old yet, nor want a Spirit—

Dem. No more of that, no more Leontius,
Revenge is the Gods: Our part is Suffrance:

Farewel, I shall not see thee long.

Leon. Good Sir, tell me the cause, I know there is a Woman in't;
Do you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your Soldier?
Sweet Prince, the cause? *Dem.* I must not, dare not tell it,
And as thou art an honest Man, enquire not.

Leon. Will ye be merry then? *Dem.* I am wondrous merry.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous well: you think now this becomes ye.
Shame on't, it does not, Sir, it shews not handsomely;
If I were thus, you wou'd swear I were an Ass straight;
A wooden Ass; whine for a Wench? *Dem.* Prithee leave me.

Leon. I will not leave ye for a Tit. *Dem.* Leontius!

Leon. For that you may have any where for six Pence,
And a dear pennyworth too.

Dem. Nay, then you are troublesome.

Leon. Not half so troublesome as you are to your self, Sir;
Was that brave Heart made to pant for a Placket:
And now i'th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love!
That noble Mind to melt away and moulder
For a hey nonny, nonny! Wou'd I had a Glass here,
To shew ye what a pretty Toy ye are turn'd to.

Dem. My wretched Fortune!

Leon. Will ye but let me know her?
I'll once turn Bawd: Go to, they are good Mens offices,
And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:
And if she be above Ground, and a Woman;
I ask no more; I'll bring her o' my Back, Sir,
By this Hand I will, and I had as lief bring the Devil,
I care not who she be, nor where I have her;
And in your Arms, or the next Bed deliver her,
Which you think fittest, when you have danc'd your Galliard.

Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected.
O thou art gone, and all my Comfort with thee!
Wilt thou do one thing for me?

Leon. All things i'th' World, Sir,
Of all dangers. *Dem.* Swear. *Leon.* I will.

Dem. Come near me no more then. *Leon.* How?

Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a Plague-sore to me.

Leon. Give you good Ev'n, Sir;
If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine sport.
I will be sorry yet.

[Exit.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. How now, how does he?

Leon. Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any Man else,
That hath his nineteen Wits; he has the Bots, I think.
He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 Gent.

2 Gent. Will he speak yet? Leon. Not willingly;
 Shortly he will not see a Man; if ever
 I look'd upon a Prince so metamorphos'd,
 So juggl'd into I know not what, shame take me;
 This 'tis to be in love. 1 Gent. Is that the cause on't?

Leon. What is it not the cause of but Bear-baitings?
 And yet it stinks much like it: Out upon't;
 What Giants, and what Dwarfs, what Owls and Apes,
 What Dogs, and Cats, it makes us? Men that are possest with it,
 Live as if they had a Legion of Devils in 'em,
 And every Devil of a several Nature;
 Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass: Where's the Lieutenant?
 Has he gather'd up the end on's Wits again?

1 Gent. He is alive: But you that talk of Wonders,
 Shew me but such a Wonder as he is now.

Leon. Why? He was ever at the worst a Wonder.

2 Gent. He is now most wonderful; a Blazer now, Sir.

Leon. What ails the Fool? And what Star reigns now, Gentle-
 men, We have such Prodigies?

2 Gent. 'Twill pose your Heav'n-hunters;
 He talks now of the King, no other Language,
 And with the King as he imagines, hourly.
 Courts the King, drinks to the King, dies for the King,
 Buys all the Pictures of the King, wears the King's Colours.

Leon. Does he not lye i'th' King-street too?

1 Gent. He's going thither.
 Makes Prayers for the King in sundry Languages,
 Turns all his Proclamations into Metre;
 Is really in love with the King, most dotingly,
 And swears Adonis was a Devil to him:
 A sweet King, a most comely King, and such a King—

2 Gent. Then down on's Marrow-bones; O excellent King—
 Thus he begins, Thou Light, and Life of Creatures,
 Angel-ey'd King, vouchsafe at length thy favour;
 And so proceeds to Incision: What think ye of this sorrow?

1 Gent. Will as familiarly kiss the King's Horses
 As they pass by him: Ready to ravish his Footmen:

Leon. Why, this is above Ela? But how comes this?

1 Gent. Nay that's to understand yet,
 But thus it is, and this part but the poorest,
 'Twould make a Man leap over the Moon to see him act these.

2 Gent. With Sighs as though his Heart would break:
 Cry like a breech'd Boy, not eat a bit.

Leon. I must go see him presently,
 For this is such a Gig, for certain, Gentlemen,
 The Fiend rides on a Fiddle-stick.

2 Gent.

2 Gent. I think so.

Leon. Can ye guide me to him for half an hour? I am his
To see the Miracle.

1 Gent. We sure shall start him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?

Leu. Now must I lye most confidently.

Yes Sir, she has drunk it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I see no alteration yet. Ant. There will be,
For he is the greatest Artist living made it.

Where is she now? Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know she will be. Leu. So I hope, Sir.

Ant. She knows not of the Prince? Leu. Of no Man living...

Ant. How do I look? How do my Cloaths become me?

I am not very grey. Leu. A very Youth, Sir,
Upon my Maiden-head as smug as April:
Heav'n bles's that sweet Face, 'twill undo a thousand;
Many a soft Heart must sob yet, e'er that wither,
Your Grace can give Content enough.

Enter Celia with a Book.

Ant. I think so. Leu. Here she comes, Sir,

Ant. How shall I keep her off me?

Go and perfume the Room: Make all things ready. [Ex. Leu.

Cel. No hope yet of the Prince! no Comfort of him!

They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew up mad Folks,
No Company but my Afflictions.

This royal Devil again! strange how he haunts me!

How like a poyson'd Potion his Eyes affright me!

Has made himself handsome too,

Ant. Do you look now, Lady? You will leap anon.

Cel. Curl'd and Perfum'd? I smell him;

He looks on's Legs too, sure he will cut a Caper;

God-a-mercy, dear December. Ant. Oh do you smile now;

I knew it would work with you; come hither pretty one.

Cel. Sir.

Ant. I like those Courtesies well; come hither and kiss me.

Cel. I am a reading, Sir, of a short Treatise here,

That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: Has your Grace seen it?

He says here, that an old Man's loose desire

Is like the Glow-worm's light, the Apes so wonder'd at:

Which when they gather'd Sticks, and laid upon't,

And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.

And

And in another place he calls their Loves,
Faint smells of dying Flow'rs, carry no Comforts;
They're doting, stinking Fogs, so thick and muddy,
Reason with all its Beams cannot break through 'em.

Ant. How's this? Is this the Potion? You but fool still;
I know you love me. *Cel.* As you are just and honest;
I know I love and honour you: Admire you.

Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me.

Cel. But as you bring your Pow'r to persecute me,
Your Traps to catch mine Innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your Lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated Good, as I hate you, Sir;
And I dare tell it to your Face. What Glory,
Now after all your Conquests got, your Titles,
The ever-living Mémories rais'd to you,
Can my Defeat be? My poor wrack, what Triumph?
And when you crown your swelling Cups to Fortune,
What honourable Tongue can sing my Story?
Be as your Emblem is, a glorious Lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your Office is, a god-like Justice,
Into all shedding equally your Virtues.

Ant. She has drencht me now; now I admire her Goodness;
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.
Can nothing in the pow'r of Kings perswade ye?

Cel. No, nor that Pow'r command me.

Ant. Say I should force ye?

I have it in my Will. *Cel.* Your Will's a poor one;
And though it be a King's Will, a despis'd one.
Weaker than Infant's Legs, your Will's in swadling Clouts,
A thousand ways my Will has found to check ye;
A thousand Doors to scape ye, I dare dye, Sir;
As suddenly I dare dye, as you can offer:
Nay, say you had your Will, say you had ravish'd me,
Perform'd your Lust, what had you purchas'd by it?
What Honour won? Do you know who dwells above, Sir,
And what they have prepar'd for Men turn'd Devils?
Did you never hear their Thunder? Start and tremble,
Death sitting on your Blood, when their Fires visit us.
Will nothing wring you then do you think? Sit hard here,
And like a Snail curl round about your Conscience,
Biting and stinging: Will you not roar too late then?
Then when you shake in horrour of this Villany,
Then will I rise a Star in Heav'n, and scorn ye.

Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now! And love this Sweetness!
Will you be my Queen? Can that price purchase ye?

Cel. Not all the World, I am a Queen already,
Crown'd by his Love, I must not lose for Fortune;
I can give none away, sell none away, Sir,
Can lend no Love, am not mine own Exchequer;
For in another's Heart my Hope and Peace lies.

Ant. Your fair Hands, Lady? For yet I am not pure enough
To touch these Lips. In that sweet Peace ye spoke of
Live now for ever, and I to serve your Virtues—

Cel. Why now you show a God! now I kneel to ye;
This Sacrifice of Virgins Joy send to ye,
Thus I hold up my Hands to Heav'n that touch'd ye,
And pray eternal Blessings dwell about ye.

Ant. Virtue commands the Stars: Rise more than Virtue;
Your present Comfort shall be now my business.

Cel. All my obedient Service wait upon ye.

[Ex. severally.

SCENE VI.

Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.

Leon. Hast thou clean forgot the Wars?

Lieu. Prithee hold thy Peace.

1 Gent. His Mind's much elevated now.

Leon. It seems so. Sirrah.

Lieu. I am so-troubled with this Fellow.

Leon. He will call me Rogue anon.

1 Gent. 'Tis ten to one else.

Lieu. O King that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how I lov'd thee.
And where, O King, I barrel up thy Beauty.

Leon. He cannot leave his Sutlers Trade, he woos in't.

Lieu. O never, King. *Leon.* By this Hand, when I consider—

Lieu. My honest Friend, you are a little saucy.

1 Gent. I told you you wou'd have it.

Lieu. When mine own Worth—

Leon. Is flung into the ballance, and found nothing.

Lieu. And yet a Soldier. *Leon.* And yet a saucy one.

Lieu. One that has follow'd thee. *Leon.* Fair and far off.

Lieu. Fought for thy Grace.

Leon. 'Twas for some Grief, you lye Sir.

Lieu. He's the Son of a Whore denies this: Will that satisfie ye?

Leon. Yes very well.

Lieu. Shall then that thing that honours thee?

How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still;

And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever.

Leon. Here's a new thing.

2 Gent. He's in a deep dump now.

Leon. I'll fetch him out on't. When's the King's Birth-day?

Lieu.

The Humorous Historie of King Leonidas.
Lieu. When e'er it be, that Day I'll dye with Ringing,
And there's the Resolution of a Lover.

[Exit.]

Leon. A goodly Resolution, sure I take it.
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his Brains melted;
Could he find no Body to fall in love with, but the King,
The good old King, to doat upon him too?
Stay, now I remember, what the fat Woman warn'd me,
Bad me remember, and look to him too?
I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He's conjur'd,
Go after him, I pity the poor Rascal;
In the mean time I'll wait occasion
To work upon the Prince.

2 Gent. Pray do that seriously.

[Ex. severally.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Lords.

Lord. He's very ill. Ant. I am very sorry for't.
And much ashamed I have wrong'd her Innocence.
Menippus, guide her to the Prince's Lodgings,
There leave her to his Love again. Men. I am glad, Sir.

Lord. He will speak to none. Ant. O I shall break that silence,
Be quick, take fair attendance. Men. Yes, Sir, presently. [Ex.]

Ant. He will find his Tongue, I warrant ye; his Health too;
I send a Physick will not fail. Lord. Fair work it.

Ant. We hear the Princes mean to visit us
In way of truce. Lord. 'Tis thought so.

Ant. Come; let's in then,
And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leon. There's no way now to get in: All the Light stopt too;
Nor can I hear a sound of him, pray Heav'n
He use no violence: I think he has more Soul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler: Wou'd I cou'd but see once
This Beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any Circumstance. What noise is that there?
I think I heard him groan: Here are some coming;
A Woman too, I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, and Lords.

Cel. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point,
But I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too
Some fitter Woman to have try'd his Valour.

Men. 'Twas all the best meant, Lady.

Cel. I must think so,
For how to mend it now; he's here, you tell me?

Men. He's, Madam, and the joy to see you only
Will draw him out.

Leon. I know that Woman's Tongue,
I think I have seen her Face too: I'll go nearer:
If this be she, he has some cause of Sorrow:
'Tis the same Face; the same most excellent Woman.

Cel. This shou'd be Lord *Leontius*: I remember him.

Leon. Lady, I think ye know me.

Cel. Speak soft, good Soldier:
I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble;
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me see ye again, I'll satisfie ye:
I am wondrous glad to see those Eyes.

Leon. You have charg'd me.

Cel. You shall know where I am.

Leon. I will not off yet:
She goes to knock at's Door: This must be she
The Fellow told me of; right glad I am on't.
He will bolt now for certain.

Cel. Are ye within, Sir?
I'll trouble ye no more: I thank your Courtesie,
Pray leave me now.

All Men. We rest your humble Servants.

[*Ex. Men. &*

Cel. So now my Gives are off: Pray Heav'n he be here!
Master, my Royal Sir: Do you hear who calls ye?
Loye, my *Demetrius*.

Leon. These are pretty Quail-pipes,
The Cock will crow anon.

Cel. Can ye be drowsie, when I call at your Window?

Leon. I hear him stirring: Now he comes wondring ou,
Enter *Demetrius*.

Dem. 'Tis *Celia's* Sound sure:
The sweetness of that Tongue draws all Hearts to it;
There stands the Shape too.

Leon. How he stares upon her?

Dem. Ha? Do mine Eyes abuse me?

'Tis she, the living *Celia*: Your Hand, Lady?

Cel. What shou'd this mean?

Dem. The very self-same *Celia*.

Cel. How do ye, Sir?

Dem. Only turn'd brave.

I heard you were dead, my dear one; compleat,
She is wondrous brave, a wondrous gallant Courtier.

Cel. How he surveys me round? Here has been foul play.

Dem.

Dem. How came she thus?

Cel. It was a kind of Death, Sir,
I suffer'd in your Absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.

Dem. 'Tis likely:

How came you hither, Celia? Wondrous Gallant:
Did my Father send for ye?

Cel. So they told me, Sir, and on command too.

Dem. I hope you were obedient?

Cel. I was so ever.

Dem. And ye were bravely us'd?

Cel. I wanted nothing:

My Maidenhead to a mote i'th' Sun, he's Jealous:
I must now play the Knave with him, though I die for't,
'Tis in my Nature.

Dem. Her very Eyes are alter'd:

Jewels and rich ones too, I never saw yet——
And what were those came for ye?

Cel. Monstrous Jealous:

Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd Questions?
They seem'd of good sort, Gentlemen.

Dem. Kind Men?

Cel. They were wondrous kind: I was much beholding to 'em:
There was one Menippus, Sir.

Dem. Ha?

Cel. One Menippus,

A notable merry Lord, and a good Companion.

Dem. And one Charinthus too?

Cel. Yes, there was such a one.

Dem. And Timon? Cel. 'Tis most true.

Dem. And thou most treacherous:

My Father's Bawds by——they never miss course,
And were these daily with ye?

Cel. Every hour, Sir.

Dem. And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady?

Cel. O yes; a notable good Wench.

Dem. The Devil fetch her.

Cel. 'Tis ev'n the merriest Wench——

Dem. Did she keep with ye too?

Cel. She was all in all; my Bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.

Dem. You are well known here then?

Cel. There's no living here a Stranger, I think.

Dem. How came ye by this brave Gown?

Cel. This a poor one:

Alas, I have twenty richer: Do you see these Jewels?

Why, they are the poorest things, to those are sent me,
And sent me hourly too.

Dem. Is there no Modesty? No Faith in this fair Sex?

Leon. What will this prove to?

For yet, with all my Wits, I understand not.

Dem. Come hither; thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted;
All that I left thee fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy Youth, and carrying Comfort in't;
All that I hop'd for virtuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd back, and Bankrupt.

Leon. By'r Lady, this cuts shrewdly.

Dem. Thou art dead, for ever dead; Sin's surfeit slew thee;
The Ambition of those wanton Eyes betray'd thee;
Go from me, grave of Honour; go thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy Sin, go thou despis'd one;
And where there is no Virtue, nor no Virgin,
Where Chastity was never known, nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious Lust, and looser Faces,
Go thither, Child of Blood, and sing my Doating.

Cel. You do not speak this seriously I hope, Sir;
I did but jest with you.

Dem. Look not upon me,
There's more Hell in those Eyes, than Hell harbours;
And when they flame more Torments.

Cel. Dare ye trust me?
You durst once even with all you had: Your Love, Sir?
By this fair Light I am honest.

Dem. Thou subtile Circe,
Cast not upon the maiden Light Eclipses:
Curse not the Day.

Cel. Come, come, you shall not do this:
How fain you wou'd seem angry now, to fright me;
You are not in the Field among your Enemies;
Come, I must cool this Courage.

Dem. Out, thou Impudence,
Thou Ulcer of thy Sex; when I first saw thee,
I drew into mine Eyes mine own Destruction,
I pull'd into my Heart that sudden Poyson,
That now consumes my dear Content to Cinders:
I am not now Demetrius, thou hast chang'd me;
Thou Woman with thy thousand Wiles hast chang'd me;
Thou Serpent with thy Angel-eyes hast slain me;
And where, before I touch'd on this fair Ruin,
I was a Man, and Reason made, and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of Grief, I grow and wander.

Cel. And as you are noble, do you think I did this?

Dem.

Dem. Put all the Devils Wings on, and fly from me.

Cel. I will go from ye, never more to see ye:

I will fly from ye, as a Plague hangs o'er me;

And through the progress of my Life hereafter,

Where-ever I shall find a Fool, a false Man,

One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd Virtue,

A base suspector of a Virgin's Honour,

A Child that flings away the Wealth he cry'd for,

Him will I call *Demetrius*: That Fool *Demetrius*,

That mad Man a *Demetrius*; and that false Man,

The Prince of broken Faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*.

You think now, I should cry, and kneel down to ye,

Petition for my Peace; let those that feel here

The weight of Evil, wait for such a Favour.

I am above your Hate, as far above it,

In all the Actions of an innocent Life,

As the pure Stars are from the muddy Meteors.

Cry when you know your Folly; howl and curse then,

Beat that unmanly Breast, that holds a false Heart:

When ye shall come to know, whom ye have flung from ye.

Dem. Pray ye stay a little.

Cel. Not your Hopes can alter me;

Then let a thousand black Thoughts muster in ye:

And with those enter in a thousand Doatings;

Those Eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing:

My Innocence for ever haunt and fright ye;

Those Arms together grow in Folds; that Tongue,

That bold bad Tongue that barks out these Disgraces,

When you shall come to know how nobly Virtuous.

I have preserv'd my Life, rot, rot within ye.

Dem. What shall I do?

Cel. Live a lost Man for ever:

Go ask your Father's Conscience what I suffer'd;

And through what Seas of hazards I sail'd through;

Mine Honour still advanc'd in spight of Tempests,

Then take your leave of Love; and confess freely,

You were never worthy of this Heart that serv'd ye,

And so farewell ungrateful.

[Exit.]

Dem. Is she gone?

Leon. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter —

[Exit.]

Enter Antigonus, and Lords.

Ant. Are ye pleas'd now? Have you got your Heart again?

Have I restor'd ye that?

Dem. Sir, ev'n for Heav'n sake,

And sacred Truth sake, tell me how ye found her.

Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I try'd her,

'Tis

'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your Fellowship,
And fear'd her too: Which Fear begot that Story
I told ye first: But since, like Gold I touch'd her.

Dem. And how dear Sir?

Ant. Heav'n's holy Light's not purer:
The Constancy, and Goodness of all Women
That ever liv'd, to win the Names of worthy,
This noble Maid has doubled in her Honour,
All promises of Wealth, all Art to win her,
And by all Tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her
As one may do upon the Sun at Noon-Day
By lighting up: Her Shape is Heav'nly,
And to that Heav'nly Shape her Thoughts are Angels.

Dem. Why did ye tell me, Sir?

Ant. 'Tis true, I err'd in't:
But since I made a full proof of her Virtue,
I find a King too poor a Servant for her.
Love her, and honour her, in all observe her.
She must be something more than Time yet tells her:
And certain I believe him best, enjoys her.
I would not lose the hope of such a Daughter,
To add another Empire to my Honour—

[Exit.]

Dem. O wretched State! To what end shall I turn me?
And where begins my Penance? Now, what service
Will win her Love again? My Death must do it:
And if that Sacrifice can purge my Follies,
Be pleas'd, O mighty Love, I die thy Servant—

[Exit.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Leontius, and Celia.

Leon. I know he do's not deserve ye; ha's us'd you poorly:
And to redeem himself—

Cel. Redeem?

Leon. I know it— there's no way left.

Cel. For Heav'n's sake do not name him,
Do not think on him Sir, he's so far from me
In all my Thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.

Leon. But I wou'd see him again.

Cel. No, never, never.

Leon. I do not mean, to lend him any Comfort;
But to afflict him, so to torture him,
That ev'n his very Soul may shake within him:
To make him know, though he be great and powerful,

[Tis

'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,
And carry it off, and with a Maid of your sort.

Cel. I must confess, I cou'd most spightfully afflict him;
Now, now, I cou'd whet my Anger at him;
Now arm'd with bitterness, I cou'd shoot through him;
I long to vex him.

Leon. And do it home, and bravely.

Cel. Were I a Man?

Leon. I'll help that weakness in ye:
I honour ye, and serve ye.

Cel. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his Vows in Heav'n, sworn to me,
And poor believing I became his Servant;
But most maliciously to brand my Credit,
Stain my pure Name.

Leon. I wou'd not suffer it:
See him I wou'd again, and to his Teeth too.
Od's precious, I wou'd ring him such a Lesson—

Cel. I have done that already.

Leon. Nothing, nothing:
It was too poor a Purge; besides, by this time
He has found his Fault, and feels the Hells that follow it.
That, and your urg'd-on Anger to the highest,
Why 'twill be such a stroak—

Cel. Say he repent then,
And seek with Tears to soften, I'm a Woman;
A Woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him.
I am no more.

Leon. Why, you may deal thereafter.

Cel. If I forgive him, I am lost.

Leon. Hold there then,
The sport will be to what a poor Submission—
But keep you strong.

Cel. I wou'd not see him.

Leon. Yes,
You shall ring his Knell:

Cel. How if I kill him?

Leon. Kill him? why, let him dye.

Cel. I know 'tis fit so.
But why shou'd I, that lov'd him once, destroy him?
O had he scap't this sin, what a brave Gentleman—

Leon. I must confess, had this not faln, a nobler,
A handsomer, the whole World had not shew'd ye;
And to his making such a Mind—

Cel. 'Tis certain:
But all this I must now forget.

Leon.

Leon. You shall not
If I have any Art: Go up, sweet Lady,
And trust my Truth.

Cel. But good Sir, bring him not.

Leon. I wou'd not for the Honour ye are born to,
But you shall see him, and negle&t him too, and scorn him.

Cel. You will be near me then.

Leon. I will be with ye.

Yet there's some hope to stop this gap, I'll work hard.

[Ex.]

SCENE II.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, two Gentlemen, Lieutenant and Lords.

Ant. But is it possible this Fellow took it?

2 Gent. It seems so by the violence it wrought with,
Yet now the Fit's ev'n off.

Men. I beseech your Grace.

Ant. Nay, I forgive thy Wife with all my Heart,
And am right glad shē drank it not her self,
And more glad that the virtuous Maid escap'd it,
I wou'd not for the World 'thad hit: But that this Soldier,
Lord how he looks, that he should take this Vomit;
Can he make Rhimes too?

2 Gent. H'as made a thousand, Sir;
And plays the Burthen to 'em on a Jews-trump.

Ant. He looks as though he were bepist: Do you love me, Sir?

Lieu. Yes surely ev'n with all my Heart.

Ant. I thank ye;
I am glad I have so good a Subject: But pray ye tell me,
How much did ye love me, before ye drank this Matter?

Lieu. Ev'n as much as a sober Man might; and a Soldier
That your Grace owes just half a Year's Pay to.

Ant. Well remembred;
And did I seem so young and amiable to ye?

Lieu. Methought you were the sweetest Youth—

Ant. That's excellent.

Lieu. Ay truly, Sir: And ever as I thought on ye,
I wish'd and wish'd—

Ant. What didst thou wish, prithee?

Lieu. Ev'n that I had been a Wench of fifteen for ye,
A handsome Wench, Sir.

Ant. Why, God a-mercy Soldier:
I seem not so now to thee.

Lieu. Not all out:
And yet I have a Grudging to your Grace still.

Ant.

Ant. Thou wast never in Love before ?

Lieu. Not with a King,

And hope I shall never be again : Truly, Sir,
I have had such Plunges, and such Bickrings,
And as it were such runnings a tilt within me,
For whatsoever it was provok'd me toward ye.

Ant. God-a-mercy still.

Lieu. I had it with a vengeance,
It plaid his Prize.

Ant. I would not have been a Wench then,
Though of this Age.

Lieu. Now sure, I should have spoil'd ye.

Ant. Well, go thy ways, of all the lusty Lovers
That e'er I saw — wilt have another Potion ?

Lieu. If you will be another thing, have at ye.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha : Give me thy Hand, from henceforth thou art
my Soldier,
Do bravely, I'll love thee as much.

Lieu. I thank ye ;

But if you were mine Enemy, I would not wish it ye :
I beseech your Grace, pay me my Charge.

2 Gent. That's certain, Sir ;

He's bought up all that e'er he found was like ye,
Or any thing you have lov'd, that he could purchase ;
Old Horses, that your Grace had ridden blind, and foundr'd ;
Dogs, rotten Hawks, and which is more than all this,
Has worn your Grace's Gauntlet in his Bonnet.

Ant. Bring in your Bills : Mine own Love shall be satisfied ;
And Sirrah, for this Potion you have taken,
I'll point ye out a Portion ye shall live on.

Men. 'Twas the best draught that e'er ye drunk.

Lieu. I hope so.

Ant. Are the Princes come toth' Court ?

Men. They are all, and lodg'd, Sir.

Ant. Come then, make ready for their Entertainment,
Which presently we'll give : Wait you upon me, Sir.

Lieu. I shall love Drink the better whilst I live, Boys. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Demetrius, and Leontius.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear Leontius ;
Let me but die before her.

Leon. Wou'd that wou'd do it :
If I knew where she lay now, with what Honesty,
You having flung so main a Mischief on her,

And on so innocent and sweet a Beauty,
Dare I present your Visit?

Dem. I'll repent all:

And with the greatest Sacrifice of Sorrow,
That ever Lover made.

Leon. 'Twill be too late, Sir:
I know not what will become of you.

Dem. You can help me.

Leon. It may be to her sight: What are you nearer?
She has sworn she will not speak to ye, look upon ye;
And to love ye again, O she cries out, and thunders,
She had rather love—There's no hope—

Dem. Yes, *Leontius.*,
There is a hope, which though it draw no Love to it,
At least will draw her to lament my Fortune,
And that hope shall relieve me.

Leon. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye:
Say I should bring ye—

Dem. Do not trifle with me?

Leon. I will not trifle; both together bring ye,
Ye know the wrongs ye' done.

Dem. I do confess 'em.

Leon. And if you shou'd then jump into your Fury,
And have another Querk in your Head.

Dem. I'll dye first.

Leon. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The Nature of your Crime will admit no Excuse.

Dem. I will not speak, mine Eyes shall tell my Penance.)

Leon. You must look wondrous sad too.

Dem. I need not look so,

I am truly Sadness self.

Leon. That Look will do it:

Stay here, I'll bring her to you instantly:
But take heed how you bear your self: Sit down there,
The more humble you are, the more she'll take Compassion.
Women are per'lous Things to deal upon.

Dem. What shall become of me? to curse my Fortune,
Were but to curse my Father; that's too impious;
But under whatsoever Fate I suffer,
Bless, I beseech thee Heav'n, her harmless Goodness.

[Exit.

Enter *Leontius*, and *Celia*.

Leon. Now arm your self.

Cel. You have not brought him?

Leon. Yes faith,

And there he is: You see in what poor plight too,
Now you may do your will, kill him, or save him.

Cel.

Cel. I will go back.

Leon. I will be hang'd then, Lady :

Are you a Coward now ?

Cel. I cannot speak to him.

Dem. O me.

Leon. There was a Sigh to blow a Church down ;
So, now their Eyes are fixt, the small Shot plays ;
They will come to th' Battery anon.

Cel. He weeps extreamly.

Leon. Rail at him now.

Cel. I dare not.

Leon. I am glad on't.

Cel. Nor dare believe his Tears.

Dem. You may, blest Beauty,
For those thick streams that troubled my Repentance,
Are crept out long ago.

Leon. You see how he looks.

Cel. What have I to do how he looks ? how lookt he then,
When with a poyson'd Tooth he bit mine Honour ?
It was your Counsel too, to scorn and slight him.

Leon. Ay, if ye saw fit cause ; and you confess too,
Except this Sin, he was the bravest Gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest : I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your Anger ; use him as you please :
For to say truth, he has deserv'd your Justice ;
But still consider what he has been to you.

Cel. Pray do not blind me thus.

Dem. O Gentle Mistress,
If there were any way to expiate
A Sin so great as mine, by Intercession,
By Prayers, by daily Tears, by dying for ye ;
O what a Joy would close these Eyes that love ye.

Leon. They say Women have tender Hearts, I know not,
I am sure mine melts.

Cel. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your Wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish ye a fit Beauty to your Virtues :
Mine is too poor, in peace I part thus from you ;
I must look back : Gods keep your Grace : He's here still. [Ex.]

Dem. She has forgiv'n me.

Leon. She has directed ye :

Up, up, and follow like a Man : Away, Sir,
She lookt behind her twice : Her Heart dwells here, Sir ;
Ye drew Tears from her too : She cannot freeze thus ;
The Door's set open too, are ye a Man ?
Are ye alive ? do ye understand her meaning ?

Have ye Blood and Spirit in ye?

Dem. I dare not trouble her.

Leon. Nay, and you will be nipt i'th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down; I dare not, I cannot:

Strike now or never: Faint Heart, you know what, Sir—
Be govern'd by your Fear, and quench your Fire out.

A Devil on't, stands this Door ope for nothing?

So get ye together, and be naught: Now to secure all,

Will I go fetch out a more sovereign Plaister.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomy,
Lieutenant, Gentlemen, and Lords.

Ant. This Peace is fairly made.

Sel. Wou'd your Grace wish us

To put in more: Take what you please, we yield it;
The Hbnour done us by your Son constrains it,
Your noble Son.

Ant. It is sufficient, Princes;
And now we are one again, one Mind, one Body,
And one Sword shall strike for us.

Lys. Let Prince *Demetrius*
But lead us on: For we are his vow'd Servants;
Against the Strength of all the World we'll buckle.

Ptol. And ev'n from all that Strength we'll catch at Victory.

Sel. O had I now recover'd but the Fortune
I lost in *Antioch*, when mine Uncle perish'd;
But that were but to surfeit me with Blessings.

Lys. You lost a sweet Child there.

Sel. Name it no more, Sir;
This is no time to entertain such Sorrows;
Will your Majesty do us the Honour, we may see the Prince,
And wait upon him?

Enter Leontius.

Ant. I wonder he stays from us:

How now, *Leontius*, where's my Son?

Sel. Brave Captain.

Lys. Old valiant Sir.

Leon. Your Graces are welcome:

Your Son, and't please you, Sir, is new cashier'd yonder,
Cast from his Mistress Favour: And such a coil there is;
Such fending, and such proving; she stands off,
And will by no means yield to Composition:
He offers any Price; his Body to her.

Sel. She is a hard Lady, denies that caution.

Leon.

Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave: Faith Princes,
'Twere a good point of Charity to piece 'em;
For less than such a Power will do just nothing:
And if you mean to see him, there it must be,
For there will he grow, 'till he be transplanted.

Sel. Beseech your Grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that Beauty dares deny him,
That scornful Beauty.

Ptol. I should think it worse now;
I'll brought up Beauty.

Ant. She has too much reason for't;
Which with too great a Grief, I shame to think of.
But we'll go see this Game.

Lys. Rather this Wonder.

Ant. Be you our Guide, *Leontius*, here's a new Peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius, and Celia.

Cel. Thus far you shall perswade me, still to honour ye,
Still to live with ye, Sir, or near about ye;
For not to lye, you have my first and last Love:
But since you have conceiv'd an Evil against me,
An Evil that so much concerns your Honour,
That Honour aim'd by all at for a Pattern:
And though there be a false Thought, and confess'd too,
And much Repentance fall'n in show'rs to purge it;
Yet, while that great Respect I ever bore ye,
Dwells in my Blood, and in my Heart that Duty;
Had it but been a Dream, I must not touch ye.

Dem. O you will make some other happy?

Cel. Never,
Upon this Hand I'll seal that Faith.

Dem. We may kiss,
Put not those out o' th' Peace too.

Cel. Those I'll give ye,
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *re ultra*,
I will be merry with ye; Sing, Discourse with ye,
Be your poor Mistress still: In Truth I love ye.

Enter *Leontius*, *Antigonus*, *Seleucus*, *Lysimachus*,
Ptolomy, *Lieutenant*, and *Gentlemen*.

Dem. Stay, who are these?

Lys. A very handsome Lady.

Leon. As e'er you saw.

Sel. Pity her Heart's so cruel.

Lys. How does your Grace? He stands still, will not hear us.

Ptol.

Ptol. We come to serve ye, Sir, in all our Fortunes.

Lys. He bows a little now; he's strangely alter'd.

Sel. Ha? Pray ye a word, *Leontius*, pray ye a word with ye,
Lysimachus? you both knew mine *Enanthe*,
I lost in *Antioch*, when the Town was taken,
Mine Uncle slain, *Antigonus* had the sack on t?

Lys. Yes, I remember well the Girl.

Sel. Methinks now

That Face is wondrous like her: I have her Picture;
The same, but more Years on her; the very same.

Lys. A Cherry to a Cherry is not liker.

Sel. Look on her Eyes.

Leon. Most certain she is like her:
Many a time have I dandled her in these Arms, Sir,
And I hope who will more.

Ant. What's that ye look at, Princes?

Sel. This Picture, and that Lady, Sir.

Ant. Ha! they are near:

They only err in time.

Lys. Did you mark that blush there?

That came the nearest.

Sel. I must speak to her.

Leon. You'll quickly be resolv'd.

Sel. Your Name, sweet Lady?

Cel. *Enanthe*, Sir: And this to beg your Blessing.

Sel. Do you know me?

Cel. If you be the King *Seleucus*,

I know you are my Father.

Sel. Peace a little,

Where did I lose ye?

Cel. At the Sack of *Antioch*,
Where my good Uncle dy'd, and I was taken,
By a mean Soldier taken: By this Prince,
This noble Prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his Servant.

Sel. My Joys are now too full: Welcome *Enanthe*,
Mine own, my dearest, and my best *Enanthe*.

Dem. And mine too desperate.

Sel. You shall not think so,

This is a Peace indeed.

Ant. I hope it shall be,

And ask it first.

Cel. Most Royal, Sir, ye have it,

Dem. I once more beg it thus.

Sel. You must not be deny'd, Sir.

Cel.

Cel. By me, I am sure he must not: Sure he shall not;
 Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
 And from this hour, no envious spight e'er part us.

All. The Gods give happy Joys; all Comforts to ye.

Dem. My new *Enanthe*:

Ant. Come, beat all the Drums up,
 And all the noble Instruments of War:
 Let 'em fill all the Kingdom with their Sounds;
 And those the brazen Arch of Heav'n break through,
 While to the Temple we conduct these two.

Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
 And ever worthy of those Lines they sprung;
 May their fair Issues walk with Time along.

Lieu. And hang a Coward now; and there's my Song.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



EPILOGUE.

Spoke by the Lieutenant.

I Am not cur'd yet throughly; for believe
I feel another Passion that may grieve,
All over me I feel it too: And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold, I know not how:
As you are good Men help me, a Carowse
May make me love you all, all here i' th' House,
And all that come to see me, doatingly:
Now lend your Hands; and for your Courtesie,
The next Imploym't I am sent upon,
I'll swear you are Physicians, the War's none.

FINIS.

